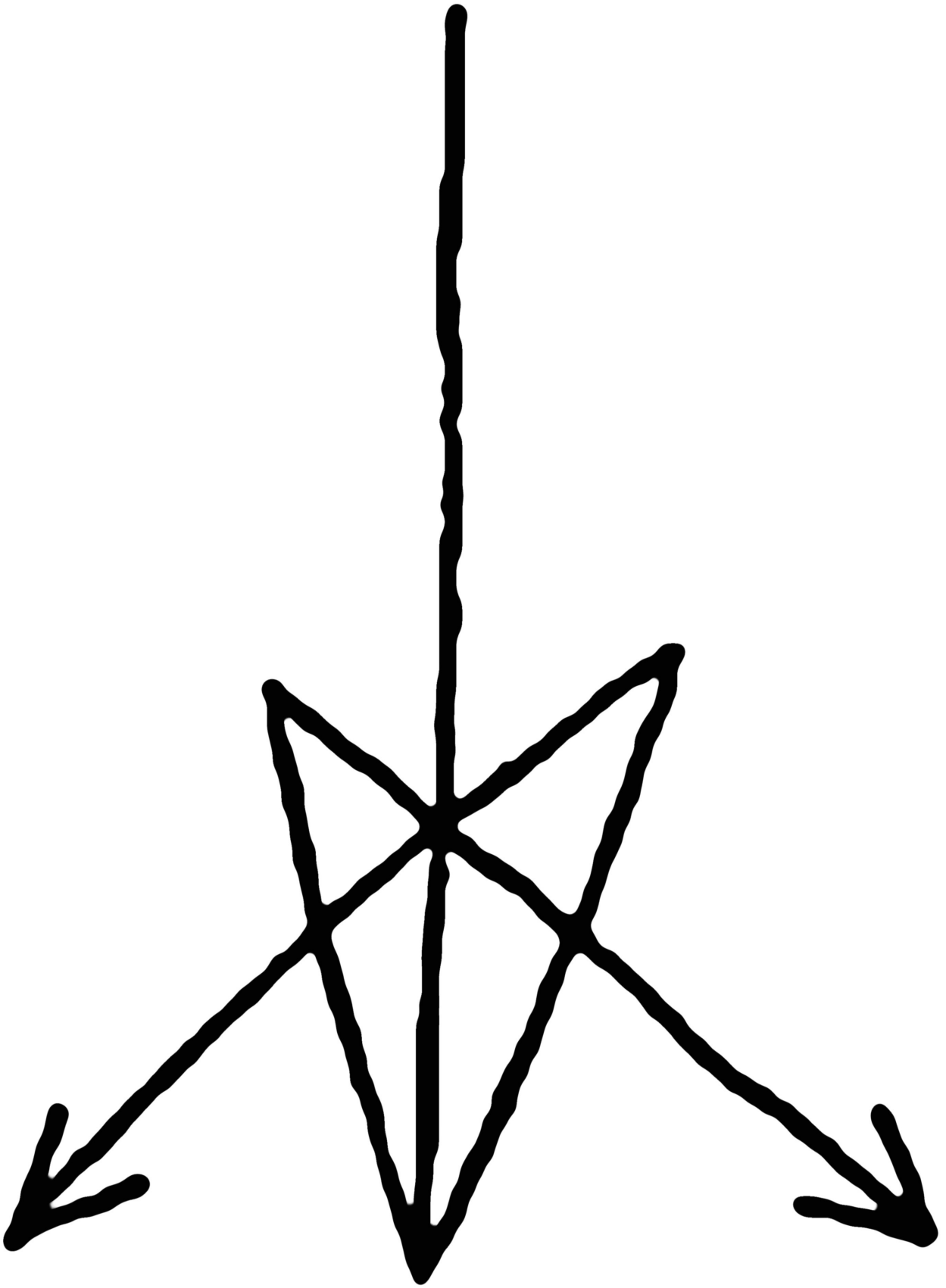
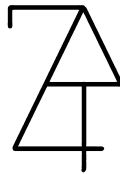


Semrit

Journal of Satanism and the Sinister







FENRIR

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I: ASSASSINS OV ZORYA

LXXIX: TECHNATA

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Sanctioned: *Jall, Outer Representative, Order of Nine Angles*

INTRODUCTION

RISE OF THE EASTERN TRIBES

This issue of Fenrir is dedicated to TOE (Tribes of the East), which is a collective name for Nexions, culturally and territorially originating from Slavic Nations, and are connected through mutual cooperation on different levels.

In the past few years some of those Nexions decided to come out of the dark, and to share with ONA public some of their experiments, perspectives, insights which are indicative of their serious commitment towards Tradition. Some of these groups are firmly established in their regions even creating and maintaining sacred sites of Sinister Tradition, Black Pilgrimage routs etc., slowly spreading ONA and adapting it to their collective and individual needs.

ω9a International site hosts translated material of the Order in seven different languages (for now) of which four are Slavic languages. This also is indicative of the fact that Slavic spirit and tradition are highly compatible with those of ONA.

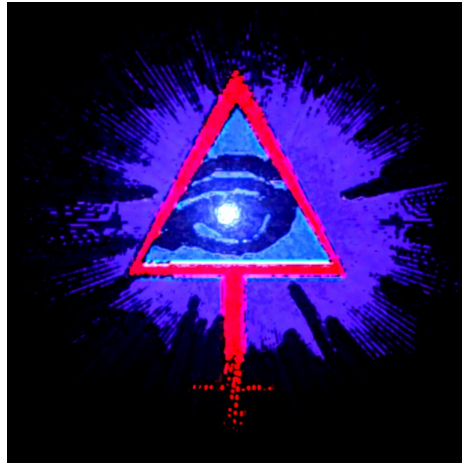
All of those Nexions brought into ONA something original and their own, thus enriching Tradition in its entirety.

We can only hope that this trend will continue in the future as Tribes of the East rise.

Waren S. Gnope

ONA

LEGACY



NEVER TO FORGET:

H e r e s y!

B l a s p h e m y!

C r i m e!

Hear ye! Hear ye! Oh, you sad Dying Race of Old Aeon....Forthcoming are centuries of leaderless and nameless (counter) conspiracy **AGAINST** Everything and All! There's nothing more to hide – for that is the true nature of *Satan*. We are Opposed to *All* Existent in a way hard to comprehend. Everyone is our Enemy!

Our *Great Plan* needs no orchestration or authoritative guidance to unfold and progress; it needs no directives, for we are *One* in (diverse) *CHaos* – simple as it is, our lives are the greatest conspiracy ever!

Now we're passing through yet another point of no return.... There's no way to stop this now – no way now to break the chain of information or the chain of command – for there is no any... not of this world...

Z.

AGAINST GOD AND STATE

WE WILL CONTINUE TO BE THE EVER ELUSIVE ALCHEMICAL CHIMERA

- Sutra of Continuation

Good and Evil are real! For majority of humans they are. Humans are making them real like they are making any abstraction they rely upon real. Humans simply agree on something, and that something becomes real for them, influencing their lives and their perception. Reality, as majority experience it, is a product of an agreement.

ETHICS

Duality, in some sense, was ever present in human consciousness. Humans always knew of light and dark, pleasure and pain, cold and warm and so on... There were always Good and Evil, but they needed no ethics, in any philosophical sense, in order to exist and be "real" – survival instinct was the only ethics. If something is harmful to that survival than it is "evil", or bad, and if something is beneficial to that survival than it is "good". Truth is that any kind of ethics is essentially founded upon a survival instinct and nothing more than that, no matter if it is physical survival of some being, survival of a community, of some philosophy, ideology, religion, State, culture, someone's ego, someone's views etc. All ethics are based on whether something is threatening survival or not. . So, we can say that every living creature possess some kind of ethics, that is, their survival instinct is their ethics which tells them what is "right" and what is "wrong", or what is "evil" and what is "good". Human Ethics are nothing more than a survival instinct verbalized, processed through the faculty of intellect.

No doubt that if some mouse was given the faculty of intellect would describe a cat as an "evil" being. But for you, your cat is a cuddly, gracious little creature and therefore "good". This means that even if we can consider good and evil to be real in some sense (in sense of what is harmful or beneficial to the survival of some being or some abstraction), these are just relative categories, depended on the perspective of the one assessing what is "good" and what is "evil", due to the specific circumstances at that moment. Basically, there's nothing wrong with using these notions of *good* and *evil*, or some synonyms, as long as you are aware of them being relative categories, largely dependent on, and influenced by various causalities. Externally and Internally division also plays important role in context of the Way.

Problem is that humans often tend to impose on other humans and Nature itself their notions of "good" and "evil" as something absolute and not something relative. This is happening because we, as species, are still not capable of lifting up ethics on some level beyond survival instincts of individuals, groups, cultures, religions, States or any other separated unit of our species, and to face reality as it is, without our attachment to those abstractions. We, at species level, are missing this survival instinct and fitted ethics (ethos). We are missing clear direction, we are missing our Destiny. This is why ONA is Humanism in its highest form- because ethos of ONA is considered with what is beneficial or harmful for the survival and evolution of our species as whole, Nature and the Cosmos, while rejecting any unneeded and

limiting abstraction and assuming invalid any argument which may question ONA ethos from the perspective of (in terms of our evolution) insignificant survival of such abstractions. No church, no State is holy, nor are lives of irresponsible!

Religion and State are tireless providers of irresponsibility, and deluding sense of security for the price of obedience. People easily agree to be irresponsible, thus they easily agree to be obedient and to be led by wolves in Sheppard's clothes. This is the reason because of which religion and State have so much power – it is much more convenient for the most of the people to give up their own responsibility, and therefore part of their power to control their lives, and bring them to the gods and the laws, so that they can be careless in their vacuousness.

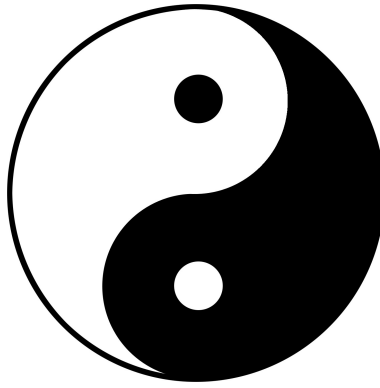
When I say irresponsible, I mean: irresponsibility, first of all, to oneself in every way, especially in the context of development and evolution; irresponsibility towards one's own kind in every way, especially in the context of development and evolution; irresponsibility towards Nature itself and the Universe that we inhabit, in the context of development and evolution..

We did not make much progress from some deranged times, from medieval Darkness. Priests still use "God's will" to justify their status, their crimes, their interests and everything they do not know. They are still able to convince people that they deserve special status in society and the monopoly over human souls because they are emissaries of a "God", who is, in a sense in which he is understood by religion, just as real as Santa Claus. As most of the people lie to their children convincing them in reality of Santa Clause's existence to make them good and obedient during the year, most of mundanes are being lied to and convinced by Church in existence of God in order to make them good and obedient during their earthly existence, so they can receive some afterlife reward.

Receive afterlife? Become immortal? By doing what? Upholding one rigid and narrow world-view all of your earthly life? Maintaining same proscribed attitude towards the existence, even when confronted with Life itself which is often suggesting a different approach; even confronted with the evidence that the Earth is not flat and that the Skies are not A stage for some divine drama? By learning nothing – refusing to see and *Believe* the obvious, the simple, the numinous, and yet not refusing to see as much as refusing to admit the obvious – to oneself and to others – becoming ever more *munafiq*, the hypocrite, along with the whole societies gravitating evermore towards dishonesty of abstractions imposed as „truths“? *Immortality* is not something you are granted by any church or State, by any god or law! Immortality is something that must be earned and (re)learned through the certain Way of life and alchemy of attitudes.

You are just a potential, a tiny seed of Cosmic Tree that falls on the ground, scattered prodigally by Life like every seed in Nature. You're not special, not more important, not different from literally everything in this regard. You're just a part of Life. There's no division in what is *Life*. **Life is Life!** Everything is equally (un)important as you are.

Magian distortion is what keeps people in a state of hypnotic trance at the collective level, so that their minds are susceptible to suggestion of the existence and reality of God, Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the institutions of the State, reality of democracy and freedom.



1) Imagine the **Left** side being **Magian ethos** – outwardly considered with *Freedom, Democracy, Humanism, Prosperity, Life, God, Good, Brotherhood of Man, benefits of State and Law* etc., while inwardly (a black circle) being utterly corrupted as their Forms are created to support this society of lies, built upon materialistic homocentric drives and consumerism of their zombie-slaves; (in long term) harmful - by every deed supporting everything opposed to what they are outwardly trying to represent.

2) Imagine the **Right** is **ONA ethos** – outwardly considered with *Terror, Destruction, Death, Outlaw, War, Satan, Culling, Separation, Individualism* etc., while inwardly (a white circle) being a gate to Numinous, to Life, to Unity with Universe, being (in long term) beneficial.

Some kind of awakening in terms of all the lies and deceptions of religion and State is increasingly spreading among people, and so we have vast variety of movements, independently produced documentaries, lectures dealing with this issue, and so on. However, among all these movements, ideas, concepts, most of which belong to profiles of a New Age or a conspiracy theory - there are countless sideways leading to new abstractions and ideologies equally unhealthy as the currently dominant, being that they are coming out of the same mouth, so to speak. Besides that, all of them are lacking concrete practical methods of struggle against the System and Magian distortion, as this fight is mostly taking place under the rules set by the System, and therefore, long-term, it only leads to a dead end. As most of these movements, and „independent“ investigators are actually Magian figures.

ONA, in this sense, differs because it offers completely practical means, not only when it comes to fighting Magian system, but also when it comes to development of the entire being of an individual, for the first is not possible without the latter. According to this, everything that is part of the ethos and practices of the Order of Nine Angles is two-folded – that is, at the same time it has a purpose, application and impact both on the individual and on society as whole. This includes:

1. **Blasphemy and Heresy** – these, at the individual level are intended to liberate individual from all programming and abstractions imposed by religion and State, and thus enable them to re-acquire the responsibility, power and vitality which are rejected by all those who are enslaved by religion and State. One liberated man in every way, especially in terms of action on a practical level, and impact on the consciousness of others and society as a whole, is worth more than a million “slaves”.

Blasphemy and heresy are implying statement of taking responsibility for one’s own actions on

themselves and taking power into their own hands through the realization of their full potential, without the expectation that the responsibility for the course of actions and realization of the potential should be taken by gods, or the institutions of the State, who, for all this time, are proven not only incompetent in this regard, but also directly harmful.

One of the major differences between the Order of Nine Angles and the “mundane Satanists” is that the latter generally do not have a really clear idea about the purpose of the blasphemy and heresy from some really wide perspective, and much less are able to invent a really practical application of the same (being that understanding and inventing practical applications are closely related). For most of them, blasphemy and heresy became themselves a purpose, something that is part of prescribed Satanism, which serves as an excuse for indulging in dark fantasies, tuning their psychopathology and passions of the body, only for the sake of enjoyment in all of this, and nothing more than that. Why anyone would need Satan or Satanism (especially nowadays) for the sake of enjoying their fantasies and psychopathologies, or just for the sake of atheistic materialism, unless it comes to simply hiding behind all of these forms, due to the inability to fit behind one’s own intentions and needs only with one’s identity? Their understanding of heresy and blasphemy, in most cases lack anything esoteric. As for the majority of “theistic Satanists”, they are simply exchanging sides, becoming slaves of equal religious fanaticism and delusions, as those belonging to Nazarene cults, except that their pantheon of gods is a little bit more “darker” than the generally accepted pantheons. However, there is no essential difference between this form of “Satanism” and any other religion.

For the most part “Satanism” is a needed instrument of Magian control, as much as „opposition“ is in politics. From one perspective both „sides“ are/were/and always will be just an artificial division of abstractions. ONA Initiate must always be beyond this world-view, in order to progress further, being aware of how forms are just useful vehicle, disposable and dispensable ingredients of the *formulae* and nothing more.

2. Insight Roles - Also useful both at the individual and at the collective level. At the individual level, the Insight Roles are granting a deep understanding of one’s own personality, of the way their psyche works and understanding the function of the Ego, which gives them enormous power in terms of deep introspection and discovery of ways to master the aspects of their personality / psyche and how to use them for influence on external and internal level. Since Insight Roles include practical involvement, their impact on social level is more than obvious.

3. Culling - At the individual level, culling has a character developing effect on the person, effect of overcoming one of the ultimate taboos and restrictions, which is in line with the spirit of LHP. All restrictions and blockages in the psyche must be breached, not only in order to achieve liberation at that level, but to brake all the “congestion” that impede the flow of acausal energy, because in some way, the subconscious blockages are blockages in the flow of acausal energy, that is, they are obstacles in the way toward Acausal and Acausal Existence. Furthermore, experience of culling and death in general, brings you more into contact with acausal realms and energies.

When it comes to the purpose and effect of Culling on the social level, it has already been discussed enough elsewhere and it’s clear enough by itself, but it is useful to underline some of it: Culling is not and can never be the same as mindless killing. Culling is based on principles

of what is harmful or useful in the context of the development and evolution of society and our species as whole. Objects of Culling are members of the human race whose character (and the actions which are dependent on the character) is embodiment of the principles opposed to Nature and Evolution. Nature itself does not shy away from Culling in terms of destroying all of that which hinders the process of evolution, and it is useless in this regard. A member of ONA must be the embodiment of Nature and its evolutionary principles; must be the embodiment of "Evil" and a destructive force that cleanses the way of progress. This principle must be their sole Ethics, Law, and the only religion they respect – Evil – which makes living things fight or cease to be.

"Sanctity of life" should not be conditioned by the moral principles that are based on safeguarding the survival of certain abstractions, it should be conditioned by the (a)moral principles based on safeguarding the survival of our species and its evolution towards extremely different ways of life and towards, for now hardly imaginable, form of our existence – acasually and causally (organically) – a process that is impossible to get going while safely tucked in caring arms of our churches (satanic or not), States and their laws, morals and dogmas, clubs and communities, ONA itself.. It's something far, far away in every sense from anything contemplated about by contemporary occultheads, scholars, o9aers, mystics, fools, dabblers etc. and those who sincerely do seek but yet have to become a golden capstone to gain a perspective – to see far and deep. Mundane morals change with time, everything changes with time.. Upholding morals of the time, States, laws and regulations suits well all pretenders and pseudo-satanic philosophers, because they are products of their time, of their civilization, fruit of collective Destiny. They will pass with their time, with their civilization and its morals and laws. The Essence of ONA is beyond its current form, its time, its civilization and morals and laws of such civilization(s).. Here's an answer of one of the Gnawers, given to a mundane satanist, regarding culling:

Dear Sir, you clearly missed all of the points that can draw for you a picture of which culling is just a one piece also conditioned by flowing down the streams of time in terms of its controversy and largely rejected or largely accepted apologetic.

Culling is not important by itself. Important is what is behind it – Me. Yes, my sense of honor and duty. Just me, no abstractions of religion or State or what and who ever, to cover my ass, my ignorance, my irresponsibility, or to provide me with excuse for my malice, dishonesty, futility, selfishness, betrayal and let me fool myself and others for the rest of life about literally everything in this zoo called civilization. This is planet populated with indulgent frightened rats!

However.. There was a time actually, when there was lots of „self-culling“. Maybe it's hard for these generations of western clones to imagine that level of sense of personal honor and duty. But they at least heard about code of bushido warriors. Every major failure demands suicide – there you go – selfculling. But anyway, I'm talking about something larger than bushido code. I'm talking about a way of life in larger communities. My ancestors, ancient Slavs, also adhered to same code of personal honor and shared same sense of duty towards their community, nature, and life itself. Someone who compromises his honor and duty or even if they are too old, sick or in any way „burden" for the community, they simply commit suicide, accepted and honored as something „right to do" and natural. Back then, when those elder people among ancient Slavs would become unable to contribute to the community and creation itself in some sense, they would simply „take a walk to the woods" never to return, being joyfully and cheerfully walked to the edge of the forest by their family and community, or they would ask to be taken to the woods (if not able to walk) and to be left there, again with praises and joy because he/she led an honorable, creative and productive life. Not like those greedy old bastards of today who want to live even if they are making lives of others miserable. Or even if there are some of them who want to die, being more or less a suffering plant, the State and mundane humanitarian hypocrisy of their relatives won't let them. Simply, in those times people lived and died by code of honor and sense of duty. And I believe that was the case with most of that ancient eruopean corpus. That

was the case of all people developing their ways of life naturally before Magian infection reached these regions, overflowing now the entire world. They just lived obvious and simple truth of Life and Cosmos itself concealed in, and expressed through this sense of honor and duty. There was no ONA or someone else around to tell them to cull or to adhere to personal honor, because it was natural and understood. **Someone once said that people are not born what we call mundane, they learn to be mundane** (and Magian educational system improves itself for centuries lol) this fact underlines distinction between pre-Magian natural way of life of my ancestors, and post-Magian madness and confusion. They simply lived like it is natural for human to live. This is why there is a „sporting chance“ given to mundanes, because they are not born that way.

So when I think of culling or write about it here I'm not thinking about how „evil“ I am, or how ONA is more evil than you, or whatever nonsense some others like you might imagine, I'm not jumping around euphorically, yelling „lets kill everybody and eat their brains“, I'm not thinking is it controversial, illegal.. I'm thinking about honor and duty. Yet, not thinking – feeling it.. So, culling is just an expression of my sense of honor and duty, not some morbid fantasy, or homicidal urge. Thus, the honor, and living simple truth of this Life, liberated instead of being lab rat in System maze brain-washed by amusingly stupid concepts is what is important. I don't think that State or God(s) would do better in taking care of anything on my behalf, or behalf of my family, neighborhood.. my species. They (gods and States) are too busy with some things that have nothing to do with reality. This is real life. If I don't like some young punk selling drugs just six feet from my door, it would be much easier and more efficient to beat him up after two, more or less polite warnings then to go to the police like some pussy, and again they would accomplish nothing. Ofc I had to deal with young punk's "boss" as well and his threats that he will put the bullet in my head. But I guess he imagined me being regular victim of his abuse and imposing of force. After all, it's life. "Brave man only dies once, but coward dies thousand times." Culling is just a thing coming naturally out all of it. But it has its value in being flashed around, pointed at and underlined at this time. Culling is not something done for the sake of morbid gloating, homicidal urge, worship of some devil or for the sake of competing in evilness. On larger level it's just a necessity of Life, on individual level it's expression of world-view, honor and duty, in action – it's meditation and participation in mysteries of our Dark Mother ov Blood.

4. Law of New Aeon – or Law of Sinister-Numen, is the only set of “written law,” that one belonging to o9a accepts and which must be above all other, impersonal laws established by religion and state. However, it is a reflection, a description of character and ethics of someone who belongs to o9a (and ONA itself), and not a regulation that was imposed on them and that should be followed and obeyed in this regard.

Law of Sinister- Numen is causal form through which the acausal essence of Order of Nine Angles is manifested. Law of Sinister-Numen does not allow the luxury of hiding behind impersonal laws, of personal gods when it comes to attitude towards other human beings and the Nature itself, it emphasizes in this regard, the full responsibility of the individual. Realistically – Law of Sinister-Numen can replace, and by it's own virtue largely exceeds, most of the existing law, provided that the majority of the current population has a fitting character, which is not the case. So, in addition to the individual-level practical expression of character, on social level Law of Sinister-Numen is the only realistic alternative to impersonal, old-aeon laws of the State.

MYTHS

Myths (Greek “mythos”) are a set of traditions, beliefs, legends which are passed on from generation to generation within a culture. In sociological terms, this is a complex of beliefs, values, attitudes that are specific to a particular group of people or community, transmitted through characterization in legends and arts.

Myth occurs in areas where the culture and traditions are passed down from generation to

generation aurally. Myths generally imply legends about heroes, gods, and are observing the past and the future – the origin and destiny of Folk. Also, they are trying to explain the forces of Nature and structure of the Cosmos.

Within ONA „Myths“ there are all these elements:

Legends about Heroes – The Mythos of Vindex and heroes of fictional ONA works, as well as myths that are currently emerging, such is the saga of life of Anton Long and all the other characters related to this legend; The legends of the gods – The Dark Gods, which are interwoven with legends of heroes, with legends about the origin and Destiny of the people (Homo Galacticus and Dark Galactic Imperivm). You also have the Dark Arts that attempt to explain the forces of Nature and the structure of the Universe; Both – the myths about the Dark Gods and heroes – are the inspiration for the art that is created within ONA. Myths about heroes and Gods are therefore crucial.

Myths about heroes convey the essential lessons about the values and attitudes that are the embodiment of culture of a community, which in turn is a product of conception of the Destiny (Purpose) and of the Universe (Nature and man – macro and micro cosmos) within the community; while the gods are means (and guidelines stored in the exoteric form) of achieving such destiny (that is, phases of unfolding of the Wyrđ of the community and the individual, and every cycle and so on..) and of understanding the Cosmos. Therefore, ONA really has all aspects of a *Living Culture*.

Myths aim to influence the character of the individual and the community, and to provide a clearer vision of Destiny of the individual and of the community, and, in accordance with that, to inspire and provoke certain changes on individual and collective levels. In the case of ONA, all myths are intended to support objectives of ONA: **1.** Creating a new kind of human being (by increasing the number of Adepts of the Dark Arts at first etc.) and **2.** The creation of new forms of human communities, such are rural communities of sorcerers, dreccian urban tribes; spreading all of ONA culture in general, which is opposed to the System and myths and ethics of Magian.

A good example of what is the Tradition of a culture that aims to inspire and enrich the members of that culture, can be found in our “Example of Humanity and Heroism” collected among Montenegrin tribes by Marko Miljanov. This thin book materialized and shaped a set of values of our people through stories and traditions and preserved them from oblivion through such causal form, affirming the right of Montenegrins to still call upon the honor and bravery as the specific characteristics of our people and our culture. The truth is that in this time of embracing some foreign values, foreign ways of life, foreign culture and Magian ethos in general, this reference to the honor and heroism is mostly declarative. Same as personal honor to some of those who like to align with ONA and the Sinister. Examples of humanity and heroism are less and less likely to be found in real life around here.

This deconstruction of our heritage began with the rejection of the tribal way of life and the loss of de facto autonomy tribes in this region had until the late 19-th century. The rule of various dynasties didn't have so much devastating impact on the loss of tribal autonomy and loss of the fundamental values of our heritage, because all of the dynasties originated from the same culture that was the embodiment of the way of living in this region. Our culture and our values have suffered mortal blows, first by the Communist ideology and governing which was

carried out in this area until the early 90's, and then by the current Capitalist ideology, Western-like governing and quasi-democracy. The funny fact is, in our case, that in the last 25 years both ideologies (Communism and Capitalism) were conducted and carried out by the same oligarchy, one and the same group of people who run this country.

The encouraging element in this whole story is the fact that several decades of practical inauguration of Magian system forms could not entirely dismiss our myths and destroy our culture and ethics that were emerging and developing for long centuries (even Messianic religions, with their near 1000 years of presence in these areas, failed, to a great extent, to fully replace or surpass it in importance, but even had to bow to it in a sense), so even today, when introducing, for example, people in this region usually firstly ask about the origin, ancestry and which tribe you are coming from. In some sense, South-Slavic peoples and their cultures have enormous potential to substantially and in practical terms understand and accept the myths and ethics of ONA very easy, as well as all other causal forms closely associated with ONA, like this culture itself is very fertile ground for the development of new forms that will personify the basic principles of opposition to Magian ethos, even without much need for the adoption of something "new" or "foreign"- but by reviving our traditions, which by its very nature is opposed to Magian ethos, and by its processing and adaptation in the sense that it is able to survive (that it possesses a practical way to address the specific needs and challenges of our time), able to effectively confront Magian ethos and Magian causal forms, and to provide a clear vision of the Destiny of the Folk. This is something that every initiate of ONA in this region should have in mind.

Also, the original tradition and heritage (which is what's the basis of that culture and history prior to adoption of Messianic religions) of most European nations, reflects the essence of the principle opposed to Magian myths and ethos. Therefore, each initiate of the areas of Europe also should identify and value the essence of their heritage and their culture, to revive them and inherit them through living. Not through their preservation as historic monuments and artifacts of the past, but through the practical living of these values and their practical adaptation in accordance to the present time and the future vision. In short – Wyrdful Life. The size of this potential, in particular in the case of South-Slavic peoples, especially in the present time when a certain values, a certain "sacred" things, which are very sensitive, are under the Deep Impact of Magian forms, is huge. But, moreover, viewed broadly, Europe and globally, this is a moment in history in which the potential for creating and offering anti-Magian forms as an alternative, is very large, because the very existence of freedom and choice, for the majority of the population in Europe and on this planet is severely compromised by Magian machinery.

Magian machine itself has always been designed so that any potential resistance and reaction will be shapeless, without inner strength and bulk and thus helpless to confront. This is mechanism of control which implies fraying ties between Folk and its essence, which was kept in the exoteric form of its Myths and Culture, imposing of their impersonal abstractions which should serve as an artificial substitute for the substance. What every initiate should be capable of doing – to revive the essence through the forms that are acceptable to a particular segment of the population, particular people or culture and, eventually, to incorporate all of the key myths of Vindex and the Galactic Empire, along with some acceptable form of Logos – Code of Honor etc. ; since they are crucial, powerful in, and by their very principle, acceptable and adaptable, because they naturally resonate with the essence of human beings, the essence of their Evolution, of Nature and Wyrdf.

It will probably take many centuries before this planet is inhabited solely by human beings on the level of understanding and ability of an Adept. Until then, many exoteric forms will still be necessary, current Myth and Ethics will still have a role to inspire and guide and serve as headquarters of certain types of acausal energy, which will be accessed through such intermediaries by non-adepts, and the people at large – causal forms – created by the Adepts or created as an expression of the essence of a vibrant culture that defines itself through its: heritage, a place in the present and a vision of its future among stars. Wyrdfully..

Ogni

ABG Lodge

124yf

MYSTERIVM ARCHITECTURE



PART I

INITIAL NOTES

Social incapability to accept heralds of the Change pushes those heralds into underground where they turn into demons and nightmares forcing this Change into Manifestation.

- Unknown Gnawer

In addition, the ONA is unlike most, if not all, contemporary Occult orders or organizations in that it has no centralized organization, no person claiming to be its leader, no formal membership, and – as the ONA – holds no public activities, meetings, or events, issues no public statements, and detests the use of titles. Instead, it is a particular type of secret society; a collection of covert localized groups (small clandestine cells) and anonymous individuals who identify with or who support its aims, methods, and goals; who apply its praxis to their own lives, and who often establish their own local ONA nexion and recruit people to join it.

- Roots and Organization of the Order of Nine Angles

In one of its aspects ONA can be viewed as a type of secret society. It is consisted of groups and individuals whose actions are concealed from the public and are kept secret. These groups are, yet again, loosely or strongly connected with each other, depending, from case to case, on level and nature of their cooperation and interaction. They all share some common methods, goals and understanding that comes from identifying themselves with the Sinister. By that identification they, naturally, share some of the same destiny. Secrecy applies to almost any level or manner of involvement with ONA. The sole nature of the Tradition, its practices, its perspectives, implies that it must be kept secret, and concealed from vast majority of the profane. Whether you belong to the group or you are just sole practitioner secrecy is of utmost importance. To the most of those adhering to the Tradition it will be clear why this is so.

However, it's not just because of some individuals and groups are considered with experiments that might be perceived as illegal or amoral, or not quite healthy and sane, at least. Secrecy is also a virtue of every true Initiate. It has its esoteric value. It is the one of the

four pillars of hermetic science: *To Know; to Dare; to Will; to Keep Silent*. In that order.

Even if it is not like any other contemporary secret society or occult *order*, **ω9α** has much in common with other secret societies and genuine esoteric orders. We will try to explore some similarities and some differences in hope to mislead and obscure. Unintentionally - in blind Cluelessness.

In most of the secret societies you have members who deny their membership, or even deny existence of organization itself. Both not uncommon when it comes to ONA. Not uncommon, indeed. There is very practical side to debunking, disbanding, destroying, or denying existence of genuine order. There are few examples in history for those who are willing to dig them up and contemplate about them. Also, every secret society is exclusive, consisted only out of certain type of individuals usually needed for some Great Plan for affecting society in a certain manner, ultimately leading to the creation of some utopia ruled by the selected few. Another obvious element common to other secret societies is favoring its own kind above anyone else. It's expressed and affirmed through the *Kindred Honour - Law of New Aeon*. It's like mutual belief in each other to be something special, to be something more than simple mortals, and because of our dedication to the *Mysterium* and to the Quest we must treat each other accordingly. Anyhow, in some cases it is simple and blind fanaticism; in other cases it can be mutual, or in one direction, feeding of delusions and false ego; and for some it can be deep, but reasonable wordless Solidarity. Unlike any other *secret society* ONA, the Sinister and what is going beyond, towards sinisterly-numinous *Mysterium*, is not dependent on strictly organized hierarchy, membership and dead form; instead it's based upon living standards, and upon 'authority' of self-excellence, and not only that. It's based upon something formless, in terms of rigid titles and rites. It has nothing to do with Old-Aeon brotherhoods and occult orders and with their highly ceremonial, obscured approach to everything. It's not kept by primitive power structure of simple hierarchy and initiation by some higher authority, other than oneself. When you look at almost all secret societies and occult orders, whether they are so-called RHP or LHP - they are all structured upon initiation received and approved by some higher authority and/or by the rest of congregation, and more often than not, in the name of some higher being – God, Satan etc. ONA is, from beginning to the end, self-initiatory system. Your progress through "grades" depends not on approval by someone who is higher degree. Instead, it depends on your initiative to take steps towards individual self-development in a certain manner, towards experiencing reality on many different levels, and towards increase of Understanding and increase of acausal energy, evident, to some, at this threshold of the New Aeon. By developing empathy with this Aeonic current, you can try to envision what roaring sound of its closing brings upon this World.

Despite the fact that the Way is highly individualistic, you have different sorts of *gatherings* in ONA - Temples, Nexions, Tribes, Clans, Balobian groups and supporters. From that point sometimes can be tricky to recognize at the first glance the one who is genuine Seeker and one who is under the spell. Especially for outsiders it might be hard to discern who is real Satanist and who is a mere worshiper because of the really thin line between those who use form and those who are used by it; between those who are elite by their inborn or built up virtue, and those who only crave to be elite with no real quality or pure intention to support such cravings, thus failing one of the most basic tests of their profanity. For in the nature of every human there's that desire to be part of the elite, part of the chosen and selected few. In every race, age, culture, sub-culture, community, humans simply enjoy sharing secrets and that feeling of belonging to some special club. Those who are real Satanist often use this craving, which is easy to bring out, for accomplishing their goals or for aiding sinister dialectic. They

often create cults, secret societies, temples, orders, clandestine movements (and not only these) as *soulsnares* for certain type of individuals. Often consciously manipulating and nourishing their false sense of elitism to unbelievable extent. Anyone who is familiar with human nature can easily conclude that people are, in most of the cases, so easily convinced to do unimaginable things in the name of God, Satan, some ideology or any kind of abstraction, that they normally would not do. To *cull* perhaps? People often need just an excuse, often delivered by someone else, rationalized by someone else, to indulge in homicide or conspiring against their fellow human beings, out of pure selfishness and sickness pretending to be magickal, religious or ideological act. There is a really thin line between those who are practicing Dark Arts and those whose psychopathology is driven by Sinister forms.

ONA is just one Gate leading to that what is Sinister; one gate letting it flow into this World. However genius work of Art it might be, its outward shape is just a causally conditioned construct, much like anything else. Everything ever happened in this world before creation of ONA led to that moment. Same could be said, of course, about anything else at the moment of its creation/ manifestation in this causal universe. Creation of ONA was a product of countless causalities preceding that moment of creation. Its past, present, and future outer shape must always and inevitably reflect the pre-existent state of the world in which it lives and transforms, or even pre-existent state of mind/ organism/ area/ nation/ culture in which its essence is re-expressed. That esoteric essence is what matters, not some outer exoteric shape. Latter is important in terms of presencing that essence here in causal world and communicating it on different levels through re-expression, that is, through opening of new gates. This esoteric essence is what animates this outer expression, always according to its nature.

The ONA has and always has had both an exoteric [causal] and an esoteric [acausal/Aeonic] purpose and nature; a dual nature [sinister/numinous; sinisterly-numinous] manifest in (α) a leaderless, a non-structured, non-hierarchical collective (or collection) of (often clandestine) individuals, groups, and nexions, who are all – in some way or other, and in whole or in part – guided by or inspired by the esoteric philosophy of Anton Long {1}, and in (ω) the ancestral and occult pathei-mathos of the individual Rounwytha and of the Inner ONA.

Thus, a [alpha] implies – necessitates – the continuing development/reformation/counter-reformation of ‘the theory and praxis of the ONA’ by both individuals and groups, sans sycophancy, with the consequent subversion of existing outer (causal, worldly) forms and structures and the development of new ones; while ω [omega] implies – necessitates – the pursuit, over decades, of Lapis Philosophicus by a few (often reclusive) individuals and thus them adding to not only the occult pathei-mathos of the ONA but to the ancestral pathei-mathos germane to all human beings.

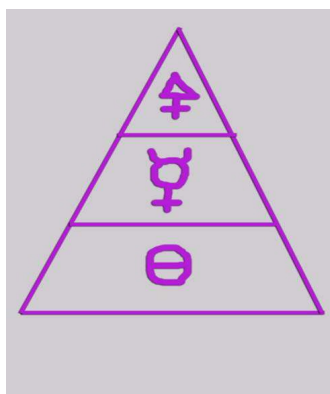
Here we come across yet another parallel between ONA and other secret societies and occult orders. They all have outer and inner circles which serve similar purpose. Here's what Manly P. Hall, a high ranking Freemason, has to say about his Tradition in this regard:

FREEMASONRY is a fraternity within a fraternity—an outer organization concealing an inner brotherhood of the elect. Before it is possible to intelligently discuss the origin of the

Craft, it is necessary, therefore, to establish the existence of these two separate yet interdependent orders, the one visible and the other invisible. The visible society is a splendid camaraderie of "free and accepted" men enjoined to devote themselves to ethical, educational, fraternal, patriotic, and humanitarian concerns. The invisible society is a secret and most august fraternity whose members are dedicated to the service of a mysterious arcanum arcanorum. Those Brethren who have essayed to write the history of their Craft have not included in their disquisitions the story of that truly secret inner society which is to the body Freemasonic what the heart is to the body of human. In each generation only a few are accepted into the inner sanctuary of the Work, but these are veritable Princes of the Truth and their sainted names shall be remembered in future ages together with the seers and prophets of the elder world. Though the great initiate-philosophers of Freemasonry can be counted upon one's fingers, yet their power is not to be measured by the achievements of ordinary men. They are dwellers upon the Threshold of the Innermost, Masters of that secret doctrine which forms the invisible foundation of every great theological and rational institution.

Somehow all of ONA are "splendid camaraderie" of "free and associated" men and women dedicated to the certain type of Humanism and Renaissance. But in reality there are still few of those who are preserving its inner core, its beating heart. Like in every secret society those are called 'adepts'. And in ONA you have inner core of 'Adepts' who are influencing ONA from within, but not suppressing its outer shape. Instead, letting it to develop naturally and fulfill its destiny. That influence is subtle, sometimes only through serving secret of secrets and living life in a certain way. But every outer re-expression is further explanation of mysteries through different perspectives and from different angles of approach. It is important for further, possible, development of theory and praxis, and for further development of ONA as a living being, that is - greater presencing of her essence, through her experience of being reincarnated within various individual and collective Minds, growing, learning and integrating in such a way everything she might need to perfect herself, everything she might need for her own Great Work and evolving towards full realization of the potential.

ONA 'membership' in real and practical terms can be described through following way:



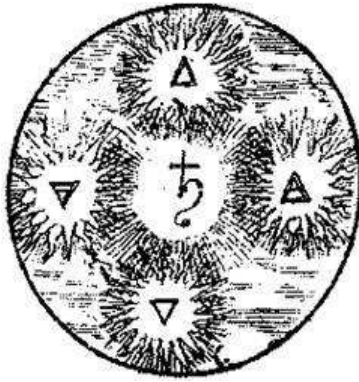
Base of the triangle is consisted of those who are novices, initiates, balobians, supporters, those individuals and groups influenced by the Order –adequately described with symbol for **Salt** because of the vast number of those, their nature and the way they are related to, or are

influenced by ONA – still very unconscious, passive, receptive and to an extent devotional. In the middle of the pyramid are “External Adepts” those who are forming Nexions, tribes, clans, living ONA in any practical way – Being ‘Active’ and outer part of ONA,- adequately described with symbol for **Mercury** because of their action, involvement, learning, shape-shifting through insight roles and refining/defining of Ego. Adepts and beyond- who are at the top of the pyramid - are described, adequately with symbol for **Sulphur**. All of these three categories of people involved, or levels of Initiation, are interconnected and interdependent, and are influencing each other in various ways, due to the fact that they all share some of the same destiny by flowing down the same current - *Sinister*.

Even if this pyramidal structure is not consciously adopted by ONA from other secret societies, it would be, and is formed naturally, because of exclusiveness, regarding the hardness of the way and (lack of) capability of most of the associated to endure the search for the Stone, as long as virtue and luck provides them with chance to breathe and exist on this plane. Inner Adeptship is just a preparation for the real work. It can be called the *Lesser Stone*. Only at this stage of transformation one is truly aware what they need to do and where they need to go in order to Perfect themselves and produce that pure diamond.

Within ONA is concealed Illumination of complete formulae of the Great Work and nature of Secret of Secrets - concerning this Lab (our world) and this Instrument (our organisms) and (contemporary) need for ideologically Satanic but operative and secretive organization with its outer form flourishing in many possible ways. Moving up the Spiral always should be, and always was achieved through Thesis, Antithesis and Synthesis and their dimensional reflections, should I dare to say in respect of the Nineangled Nexion - A Key. How large or microscopic these movements "up the Spiral" can be is up to you to find out, and to recognize them in everything that you can perceive. Study of the Star Game opens great understanding of micro and macro steps and unfolding taking place on local and global, inner and social, and also Aeonic levels. Employing of these secrets is real *magick*.

Everything in Nature is moving in such a manner 'up the Spiral' through *Thesis - Antithesis-Synthesis*. On a large and on small scale. It is the principle of evolution. Everything that lives is always endangered by something, and through its reactions on offensive force of any kind in any given moment, it is animated. It is like some eternal and omnipresent Antithesis to everything existent and manifested. It's entropy of Nature. It is that force which makes every moment in this causal Universe to be some kind of fighting and surviving its influence. This principle is reflected through anything and everything that can be perceived as *Evil* or *Negative*. Most obvious manifestation of this principle is Death and passing of Time. These two being closely related, of course. Everything that exists in this causal universe is subordinated to Death and Time. Through the traditional symbology Death and Time are related to Saturn, which is, in return, one of the main aspects that describes nature of Satan, Satanism, Sinister. This is why, for example, in Holy Bible Satan is called Lord (ruler) of this World - because everything is ruled by Death and Time, used as tools of Perfection. There's a greater mystery to the Nature's (apparent) entropy.



Some recognize great work of alchemy in social changes leading towards, supposedly, improved social structure of civilisation: prior to, and during the **WWI** monarchy (*thesis*) confronted with democracy and revolution (*antithesis*) which resulted in emergence of Communism and similar ideologies, with first notions of globalization through forming of bodies such as League of Nations; In **WWII** communism and democracy (*thesis*) faced fascism (*antithesis*) which resulted in new global change, emergence of the United Nations, state of Israel, economic treaties which would later serve as basis for the creation of EU, and moving toward greater unification, now with the world basically divided into two blocks; Democracy (*thesis*) confronted Communism (*antithesis*), during the cold war, which resulted in emergence of EU and emergence of New World Order, propagated by American Imperialism as World Democracy; confrontation with this Evro-Atlantic Imperialism should bring new kind of synthesis (- maybe some greater Unification?). Meanwhile, a confrontation of “World Democracy” (*thesis*) with International Terrorism and domestic resistance (*antithesis*) has been strengthening some already established forms. Was this work of advanced alchemists through the ages, operating in the name of the same agenda, or it was just flow of human down the history in accordance to the principles which work in Nature? Maybe, inevitably the both?

As one Gnawer once said:

I guess that true Adepts know this, and know that they are not the one influencing Life, but flowing down with Life. He/She knows that you cannot turn back the flow of a river, but you can manipulate water, you can build channels and dams (Aeonic changes desired and planned for). But, even ‘desired’ and ‘planned’ might be misleading, because, what is behind Aeonic change is stronger than any individual will of human beings, any form of plotting, conspiring and revolution, or any causality for that matter. Becoming an Adept you are becoming the gate for this Aeonic change, channel of this current. Thus, ‘desired’ and ‘planned’ change is happening through you by itself. You are living your life according to your individual Destiny, and yet that life you led, things you did, will leave marks for Aeons to come.

We here come across another interesting parallel between ONA and other secret societies – great consideration with social change, as yet another level of holistic process of alchemical transformation.

The modern Masonic order can be traced back to a period in European history famous for its intrigue, both political and sociological. Between the years 1600 and 1800, mysterious agents moved across the face of the Continent. The forerunner of modern thought was beginning to make its appearance and all Europe was passing through the throes of internal dissension and reconstruction. Democracy was in its infancy, yet its potential power was already being felt. Thrones were beginning to totter. The aristocracy of Europe was like the old man on Sinbad's back: it was becoming more unbearable with every passing day.

Although upon the surface national governments were seemingly able to cope with the situation, there was a definite undercurrent of impending change; and out of the masses, long patient under the yoke of oppression, were rising up the champions of religious, philosophic, and political liberty. These led the factions of the dissatisfied: people with legitimate grievances against the intolerance of the church and the oppression of the crown. Out of this struggle for expression materialized certain definite ideals, the same which have now come to be considered peculiarly Masonic.

The divine prerogatives of humanity were being crushed out by the three great powers of ignorance, superstition, and fear—ignorance, the power of the mob; fear, the power of the despot; and superstition, the power of the church. Between the thinker and personal liberty loomed the three "ruffians" or personifications of impediment—the torch, the crown, and the tiara. Brute force, kingly power, and ecclesiastical persuasion became the agents of a great oppression, the motive of a deep unrest, the deterrent to all progress. It was unlawful to think, well-nigh fatal to philosophize, rank heresy to doubt. To question the infallibility of the existing order was to invite the persecution of the church and the state. These together incited the populace, which thereupon played the role of executioner for these arch-enemies of human liberty. Thus the ideal of democracy assumed a definite form during these stormy periods of European history. This democracy was not only a vision but a retrospection, not only a looking forward but a gazing backward upon better days and the effort to project those better days into the unborn tomorrow. The ethical, political, and philosophical institutions of antiquity with their constructive effect upon the whole structure of the state were noble examples of possible conditions. It became the dream of the oppressed, consequently, to re-establish a golden age upon the earth, an age where the thinker could think in safety and the dreamer dream in peace; when the wise should lead and the simple follow, yet all dwell together in fraternity and industry. - Manly P. Hall

We can see in these quotes how Manly Hall relates beginnings of modern Freemasonry with great social changes in Europe. And who were the three great "ruffians" bullying human divinity and its potential, against which these mysterious agents of Illumination were conspiring initiating social changes? – Monarchy (State), Church (Nazarene ethos) and good old Masses (mundane). Here we can recall central Masonic legend of Master Hiram Abiff who was killed by three apprentices for not giving away secret of Master Mason to them. By taking into consideration what we can read in above quotes it's easy to conclude how legend of Master Hiram Abiff can as well be just an allegoric representation of human divine potential suppressed by State, Church and Masses. Those adherent to, or familiar enough with *radical sinister philosophy* can see how it shares apparently mutual "enemies" with the Masonic Tradition. But do they share the same ideal, same final goal and the same understanding of the mysteries? Here, tactics and methods applied to achieve goal, by one or another party are irrelevant. The essence is what matters... Have high initiates of that inner order, enshrined by Freemasonry, fought for these kinds of ideals of *Freedom* and *Democracy* - that are

predominant in today's world, giving fuel to Euro-Atlantic Imperialism, slavery under monopolized Industry, religion of Consumerism with its De-evolutionary character, and much more - or have they been up to something completely different and those ideals, or essence became corrupted with time and with human weakness, along with the blurring Understanding of the Mysteries later generations inherited? Or, all of this is just a one side of the coin, one part of the formulae? Social structure only ended up replicating itself, but on more subtle and advanced level. Divine prerogatives of man are still very much oppressed, and full potential suppressed in various ways. Even if outer forms are changing or weakening, virus always finds more suitable host-form to survive and use it for spreading infection. It easily takes over the very form constructed for its destruction. Hiram Abiff is not yet avenged. Maybe, in service to the form, Freemasonry strayed away from her essential purpose into servitude to the (self)established order, instead of standing against it. Maybe this another quote partly hints at this and all related to it:

So much has been lost and forgotten, so much ruled in and out by those unfitted for such legislative revision that the modern rituals do not in any case represent the original rites of the Craft. In his Symbolism, Pike (who spent a lifetime in the quest for Masonic secrets) declares that few of the original meanings of the symbols are known to the modern order, nearly all these-called interpretations now given being superficial. Pike confessed that the original meanings of the very symbols he himself was attempting to interpret were irretrievably—lost; that even such familiar emblems as the apron and the pillars were locked mysteries, whose "keys" had been thrown away by the uninformed. "The initiated," also writes John Fellows, "as well as those without the pale of the order, are equally ignorant of their derivation and import. – M.P. Hall

Let us be reminded of what Democracy and Freedom really are from the perspective of the Sinister Tradition:

A democratic society is in theory a 'free' society: one that respects the rights of the individual. In the democratic societies of the West, for instance, this is true - in some ways: i.e. providing one does not uphold a view contrary to the 'accepted'. Those who do - and who agitate against the State - are subject to severe penalties: loss of liberty, discrimination, intimidation and so on. What, then, is this 'accepted'? It is fundamentally a belief in the doctrines of equality and multi-culturalism - allied to the 'one person, one vote' idea and the acceptance that society is governed by what amounts to professional politicians whose qualifications for office always include being 'respectable' and conforming to a certain weakness of character. The troublesome minority in these societies who do not uphold these views have laws passed against them - laws which not only prevent free expression on certain matters (such as race) but which also preserve the 'status quo', making it difficult for real revolutionaries to gather mass support and thus challenge for power (one thinks of 'Public Order' acts here, which forbid protecting one's meetings and demonstrations from the violence of one's opponents). In brief, those who uphold these ideas of equality, 'democracy' and so on, have a stranglehold on power - and these ideas are remorselessly taught by the State: the people are 'educated' into them, from birth onwards. The 'freedom' of such a society means the freedom to believe these ideas, and these only: there is no real dissent. A classic case concerns certain facts of history – it is illegal in some of these 'free' States (and heretical in all of them) to dispute the fact that millions of Jews were

exterminated during the Second World War. A heretic who gives voice to doubts about the 'official' version of events is imprisoned, fined, subject to physical attack - and deprived of their employment if they happen to work for a government body or in any official capacity. In short, there is no real freedom at all - only a self-perpetuating system of servitude to a set of ideas, those ideas having little to do, despite their names, with real democracy and real freedom.

What, then, is real democracy? First, democracy is not a particular type of government nor a system of voting: it is an outward expression of freedom among a community who share the same culture and thus aspirations (or instinctive view of the world or 'sense of Destiny'). One of the distinguishing features is smallness - it means personal knowledge of others. Another, is that it truly embodies the 'will' or spirit of the community. That is, democracy is only really democracy when it is tribal or communal (e.g. like an Anglo-Saxon moot) - when it is local. Beyond this, it becomes something else entirely - a kind of oligarchy. In all modern States, the 'democratic' system is impersonal and abstract, dealing in the main with abstract and irrelevant issues - in a genuine democracy, a Representative of the people would know most of those people personally: their concerns, their lives and so on. Modern 'democracy' de-humanizes the individual as well as dealing in political abstractions that are imposed on the people.

Further, and perhaps most importantly, the people or folk whose views and aspirations are given free expression must be homogenous - that is, possess a common root and thus heritage. This means that basically most of them will possess the same instincts, nurture the same ideals and hopes - the same 'ethos', that which lies in their blood. When this is not so, there is no real democracy, since, fundamentally, democracy implies this realness, this dealing with what is embodied in the term 'ethos', this concern for the fundamental (one might almost say spiritual) concerns of living over and above the purely material and the purely abstract.

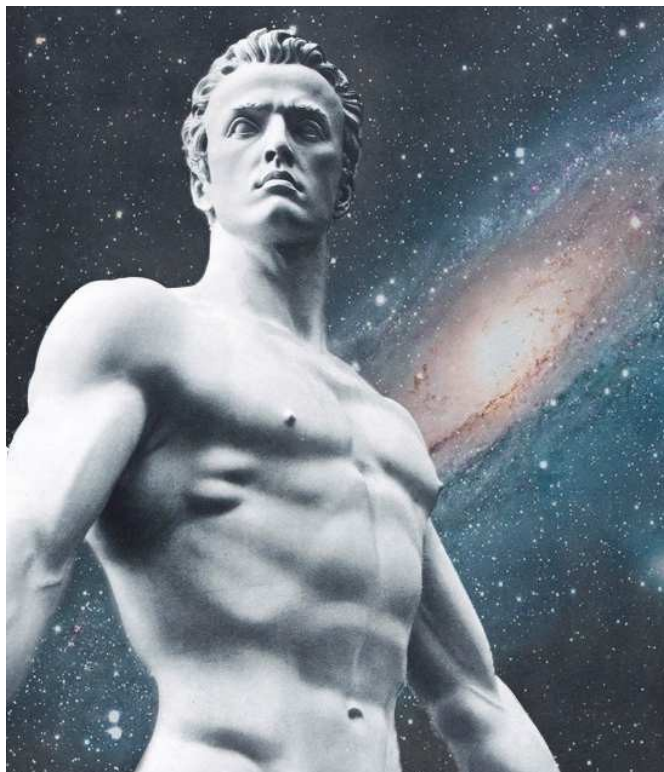
-Nexion: A Guide to Sinister Strategy

Freedom, as well as Illumination, cannot be simply handed out to anyone - it must be achieved individually. Democracy cannot make people free - only free people can make democracy. Only thing that can be done is making favorable circumstances in order to allow certain changes and natural processes to occur. Sinister is the only true antithesis to Magian on every level - philosophical, theoretical, practical, social, cultural, spiritual. Confronting these two on any level makes perfect Synthesis and enables moving forward - beyond. Anton Long tried to hint in his *Final Words* that at certain stages of every genuine Way everything merges while leading to everlasting Illumination of the whole being. Whether you take *Light* or *Dark* Path it doesn't matter. At some point prior to these stages you will come to revelation of all *enmity* or *opposition* as superficial, but needed as driving mechanism of evolution and basic principle of the Great Work. Everything leans on each other - Nazis need Zionists as much as Zionists need Nazis, as Imperial America and International Terrorism need each other, as ruling party needs opposition, as Nazarene infection and Satanism are dead one without another etc. But sole understanding of essence beyond the opposites which has been re-expressed countless times does not assume real Attainment of practical ability to use any form just as moving pieces over Star Game boards. Such ability is gained only if really walking down the "chosen" Path.

ABG Lodge, ONA

PHYSICAL TESTS

AND PHYSICAL TRAINING ON A SEPTENARY WAY



This work is written to highlight a theme of physical tests and physical training for those who follow traditional Septenary Way of ONA, explains typical mistakes inherent to the beginners. There are three main guiding lights for the one following traditional Septenary Way of ONA, after one has completed Dark Pathways, which are physical tests, Insight Roles and Culling. Those lights teach a novice to distinguish the important from the unimportant, and see the essence behind. It has been said before in various ONA works that physical tests, Insight Roles and Culling are sieves separating the “wheat from the chaff” – the ones truly walking the Path, doing alchemical work (Magnum Opus), from those only talking about it, while making no efforts to reach the goal. There is no, and cannot be an Adept not undergone the crucible of the physical tests, Insight Roles, who has not tested oneself thru Culling. The Septenary Way is complex, it requires complete dedication and self-overcoming.

Mistakes of the beginners often start already at the stage of passing the Dark Pathways. This work requires fasting, reducing sleep, up to a complete sleep deprivation at the time of the ceremony; Dark Pathways should be passed one after another continuously for 21 weeks, and experience gained should be integrated in written or other form (painting, music, etc.). Second mistake of the novice is ignoring subsequent stages of physical tests, Insight Roles and Culling. Often focusing only on the magical practices and ritual work, the novice justifies oneself that Path is individual for everyone and that [s]he particularly does not need it, since [s]he is a Nexion of Dark Gods from birth and heralds ‘the Truth’, and all these sports have

nothing to do with satanism. A lot of inner work must be done and time has to pass for a false “I” to be dropped, which false “I” is the source of above misconceptions and bloated occult Ego. Only at the stage of Internal Adept the Dark Empathy developed – given proper following the Path and utmost self-honesty – allows to choose an individual Path according to one’s Destiny; all earlier stages require following landmarks described in detail in ONA works. Justifying ones lack of will, weakness and laziness many novices ask the question: *why do I need a marathon, since I’m not an athlete?* Yes, ONA members are not professional athletes (with rare exceptions, and the respective Insight Roles). The goal of an athlete and ONA member do differ by motivation. ONA member does not fight for medals and the honor of an abstract state. The one following the Path considers physical tests as a mean to overcome and test own limitations. The fight in the process of transcendence is against oneself, thus strengthening the will, forging an inner core necessary for further progress. It teaches to focus on achieving the goal, the ability to single-mindedly concentrate all will and energy to achieve. The goal is not an athletic performance in a particular discipline, but ultimate load on the body, which brings about the true essence by shattering all superficial layers of ones considered “self” and all social masks and wrappings. At the edge of physical endurance critical thinking switches off, allowing for images deeply locked in normal everyday life mode, to rise from unconscious to conscious, to become comprehended and integrated into oneself.

For a novice it is important to get oneself to start training; once started, the secrets of the physical training stage are gradually revealed. For example the one experienced “marathon wall” has entered the realm of a Spirit. When body is screaming in pain and fatigue, when superhuman effort is required to overcome oneself, you realize that everything in you is the Way and the Truth. It is that Inner Fire necessary for the accomplishment of alchemical transmutation in the vessel of a body, which burning force we can adjust by the intensity of the physical tests. This fire will be flaring up more at the latter stages, forming «lapis philosophorum». Transformation of base metal (novice) into Gold (Internal Adept) would not be accomplished without this Fire. Another mistake of a novice is life of past successes, when novice claims no longer needing physical tests since he used to run a marathon and cycled 200 kilometers on a bike. There is no and cannot be yesterday on ONA Path, there is only **now!** Adept is always in excellent physical shape, for external is a reflection of the internal. Thus there is no, and cannot be an overweight adept, that issue, if that was a case, is supposed to be rectified at the stage of a novice. Sports properly chosen harmoniously develop the body, which in conjunction with proper diet and the way of life develop an inner spiritual purity. Finishing marathon in four hours is not the end of physical tests; more challenging tasks can be set, such as ultra-marathons, marathons in desert and high-altitude conditions, triathlon. Triathlon is very exhausting and challenging sport, most harmoniously developing body and Spirit.

Moving forward on Septenary Way each subsequent stage is progressively more difficult, but there is no other way, and can never be. The carbon gets transformed into diamond only under giant pressure and temperature.

In order to understand this, the alpine climbing is recommended; there, each successive step in thin air lacking enough oxygen is taking more and more difficult. *A separate work dedicated to alpine climbing will be written by the member of TBS experienced in it, to be released in the future.* Climbing Mt. Elbrus in the North Caucasus is recommended for Russian followers. It is relatively inexpensive and does not require much of the special equipment. Despite the seeming simplicity of the mountain it can be a real challenge and hard

test for body and Spirit to climb.

Another mistake is a substitution of physical tests/sports recommended by the Order by the sport that is preferred by a novice. A good example would be fitness and bodybuilding. Increasing muscle mass beyond own genetic limit novice increases own Ego. What's even worse, bodybuilding is aimed at continuous use of various additives and often drugs, since reaching one's genetic limit muscle growth can be pushed on only by taking steroids, growth hormone, insulin and a load of other hazardous drugs. Gym workouts are being constantly alternated with intense food intakes (one has to eat a minimum of six times a day and to take protein shake at night) and rest periods to allow muscles to grow. If these conditions are not met, catabolism (muscle breakdown) may occur, which is unacceptable for a bodybuilder. Catabolism fear becomes paranoia, and all life of a bodybuilder starts revolving around the gym, kitchen and consumption of various additives, amino acids, vitamins, gainers, protein and maximum possible amount of sleep. Running, cycling and swimming is a nightmare for such people; the same goes for all kinds of fasting necessary on the Path while passing Dark Pathways or as preparation for other ritual works. Mountain hiking is also quite problematic for people with excessive bodyweight. Bodybuilding has no practical value in all the subsequent stages of the Path, including Insight Roles, unlike running, which is at the core of all law enforcement agencies' and military physical training programs. We would like to remind that bodybuilding is a giant industry created by an enterprising Jewish Canadian Joe Weider, which is for squeezing your wallet not for promoting sport as a discipline of the Spirit.

It is possible to practice self-transcendence in powerlifting (struggle with barbell weight in three power disciplines: squat, deadlift and bench press). However it has also negative aspects, such as using drugs, sport supplements and excess weight. Sports like running, cycling, swimming and skiing harmoniously shape both male and female bodies. In addition to these, there are general physical conditioning exercises: dips, pull-ups on a bar, push-ups on the ground, squats and abs exercises. One does not need to spend money on a gym since horizontal and parallel bars are installed in almost every yard (*or at least so in FSU countries*). One should also not forget practicing martial arts. They are a must for every one walking the Path. This is expounded on in «Appendix - "Physis – The Martial Art of Aryanism"» MSS. (English translation of this MS is currently hosted at ABG Lodge page)

Another mistake common to novices is focusing only on the physical development at the expense of the spiritual one. Adept is a harmoniously developed individual, both physically and spiritually. The main quality signifying Adept's maturity is a balance which should be strived for. Physical training is a golden thread continuous throughout Seven-Fold Way, yet practices like Sinister Chanting, Star Game, ritual work and any forms of creativity should not be forgotten. Physical load intensity properly chosen can be a mean to balance the mental plane under intense psycho-emotional overloads particular to the followers of the Path.

Mundanes commonly deal with stress by using alcohol and cigarettes, these means instilled in mind as a 'stress-relief solution' by the system. ONA Adept is free from any kind of addictions, especially those typical to mundanes, and would choose 10-15 kilometer jog or a long cycling trip in the countryside over alcohol if stress needs to be relieved. A few words about sports not described in ONA works devoted to the question of the physical tests, but deserving special attention as a useful addition. There are certain countries/parts of the world where it might be useful to include skiing in the training. It is recommended to master classic skating step for ski marathons on the nature and ice skating for general physical training on a specially

prepared tracks. It's good to have separate set of skis for each style due to significant design differences of skis and various ski poles lengths. Skiing does not substitute running but rather complements it. Ski training is often a recovery after running one and vice versa. Skiing introduces diversity in physical training in a winter time. Swimming is one of the basic general conditioning sports alongside with skiing and running. It promotes endurance, strength, reaction speed and improves movement coordination by involving almost all muscle groups simultaneously. A separate spiritual practice strengthening the immune system, body and spirit is winter swimming/immersion in cold water. It is quite affordable and simple procedure of body conditioning, which does not require special equipment or a whole lot of time. At the same time it's quite effective for preventing diseases and improving the body's resistance to adverse physical effects of the environment.

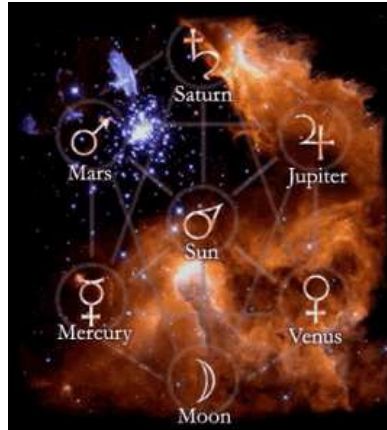
In conclusion, we would like to say couple of words about cross country training. Unlike classical marathons conducted on the streets of cities or the highways, cross country uses rough natural terrain. Classic marathon can be run on asphalt at the official event as a challenge to oneself, while running on the forest or mountain trails the rest of the time. Novices often don't go for a jog when it starts raining, when it's windy or quite chilly outside. It is worth remembering that such mistakes are not for the one walking the Path, since adverse weather conditions are an additional challenge to overcome, while running in the rain is often a particular pleasure allowing to merge more deeply with the environment. Summarizing all the above, it should be emphasized that physical tests and physical training are an integral stage of the Seven-Fold Way that shapes the lifestyle of an Adept. Ignoring the physical testing stage leads to the loss of true landmarks on the Way and, as a consequence, to stagnation and halt of evolutionary growth.

TBS

2014ev

DYNAMIC MEDITATION

ON SEVEN SPHERES

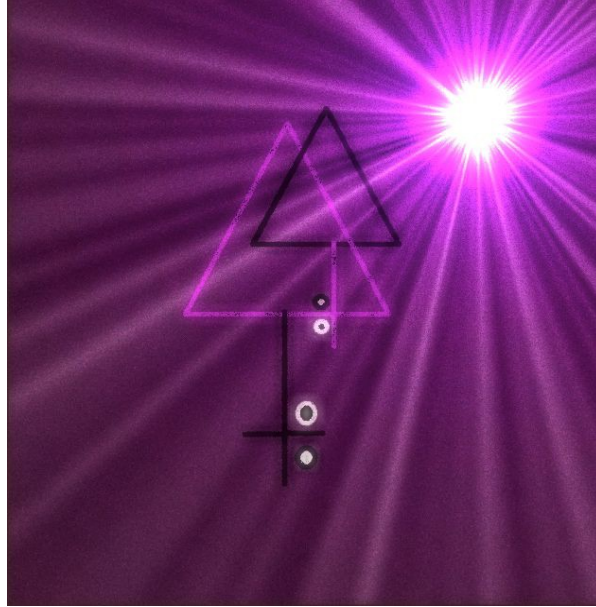


Described dynamic meditation is a practical retraining by Temple of the Black Sun (TBS), which is using methods of Hebdomadry, and is based on these methods. Meditation is performed by satanic newbies after a seven-week phase of the work with Spheres (one per week) and combined with achieving several physical goals along with the dynamic study of the archetypes of the seven spheres of the Septenary Tree. When you start, be aware that some initial level of fitness in the group is present in every newcomer (physical testing before initiation involves running a distance of 10 km). If the level of the running for the training of the beginner is initially quite high, the distance of the circle increases proportionally, according to fitness of the novice. The main condition – the majority of the route is overcome through the Super-effort. Like many ONA practices – Meditation is simple in nature, but requires effort and the will to be accomplished. And, of course, honesty to oneself. But when done correctly, awareness of the Spheres is much deeper than the passive contemplation of the Septenary Tree and thinking about archetypes and energies of the spheres.

Choose a place in nature, preferably away from the roads and settlements. Then choose a circular route 3 km long. Next, you run seven laps continuously – a total of 21 km. Every lap while running perform meditation on Spheres (one sphere per circle) – Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. Compliance is taken from Naos (colors, archetypes of the Spheres and ternary correspondences of tarot cards for each Sphere). By overcoming laps gradually, from the bottom up, Sevenfold Tree is built in Consciousness of the beginner. In accordance with physical fatigue ego of the beginner interferes less with the meditation process, accelerating the deployment of archetypes in mind. At the end of the meditation run, as in the rest of the work, the results are written down for better Integration and Awareness.

ABOUT DIVISION

ω 9 α AND PRIME MATTER



Indeed, on philosophical level one can argue that all divisions, all dualities are false. Including LHP-RHP, dark -light, Sinister-Magian, Us and Them in any context or environment. But on practical level things ARE divided. Like, my desk and I are separated in this moment, I'm Subject – it is object, I'm "dark" it is "light" etc.

Somehow we can argue that "evil" and "good" really do exist in practical sense, at least as individual relative category. In Between philosophical and practical is our sphere of work, and the place where we can find some answers.

I would like to quote here something from one of the Lodge's MS:

Inquisition considered pagans, witches and heretics to be „evil“ because they were a threat for the survival of holy church, but at the same time, pagans, witches and heretics considered inquisition to be „evil“ because it threatened their survival. No doubt that if some mouse was given a faculty of intellect would describe a cat as an „evil“ being. But for you, your cat is a cuddly, gracious little creature and therefore „good“. This means that even if we can consider good and evil to be real in some sense (in sense of what is harmful or beneficial to the survival of some being or some abstraction), these are just relative categories, depended on a perspective of the one assessing what is „good“ and what is „evil“ due to the specific circumstances at that moment. Basically, there's nothing wrong with using these notions of good and evil, or some synonyms, as long as you are aware of them being a relative categories, largely dependent on, and influenced by various causalities. Externally and Internally division also plays important role in context of the Way. Problem

is that humans often tend to impose on other humans and Nature itself their notions of „good“ and „evil“ as something absolute and not something relative.

Risking falling into division, I would say that this imposing of absolutes upon reality is heritage from abrahamic/magian/old-aeon influences present in the West for far too long. This abrahamic influence is still very predominant in almost every aspect of our Civilization, in almost all mental patterns among Euro-American nations, who again influence pretty much the rest of the world. Having this in mind one should always look for answers somewhere where there's no abrahamic twisting present in such amount – like in more indigenous traditions, or traditions that influenced o9a.

Many misconceptions and discussions about LHP – RHP subject in the West are there just because of misunderstanding of these concepts adopted from the East, additionally twisted through the abrahamic prism we mentioned above.

For example, some Traditions of India, in general, have very simple and practical approach to spirituality. RHP is simply Devotion and LHP is Adversity. In practice RHP is abiding to established laws of nature, tradition, community – LHP is complete opposite – transgressing laws of nature, tradition, community by what we may perceive as heresy, blasphemy, crime. But Hindus found “balance”. They draw philosophical equation between the two separated Paths ages ago, even in some cases establishing greater division when it comes to practices of these two Paths. But that division always could grow in mutual tolerance because of that, in advance, established philosophical equation. For them it is in start clear that both, apparently separated, Paths lead beyond both of them. Beyond Devotion and Adversity, light and dark, numinous and sinister. Division is only real in practical approach not in terms of ultimate goal – attaining liberation. What is beyond that is not important from the perspective of those who are not yet liberated/ enlightened, and those who achieved this liberation knows that it is near impossible to explain it in plain words to the profane or aspiring Philosophers. This is why “explanations” are given in exoteric way, through symbols, words, chants, fiction, archetypal images etc.

For many occultists in the West in the start probably nothing is clear. Especially to those who like to be recognized as LHP. I think that no one before Anton Long, especially in Western “LHP” world ever talked so plainly, and so insightfully, decodifying whole alchemical process along the way, about that philosophical union and yet extreme practical division of the Paths, both leading to the Acausal. Like he, somehow, sums up in his “Final Words”, or in “Lapis Philosophicus” where he states:

The 'outer secret' of the inner, the real, the living, alchemy is that the end and the result of both our apparently separate journeys is the same; the same place, the same understanding, the same knowledge. For wisdom is undivided, the same for all of us, whatever we believed or assumed when we began. Or expressed another way, lapis philosophicus is what it is, and always has been, and does what it does, and always has done, in terms of how it affects and changes those few who have succeeded in their decades-long endeavour and thus discovered it, and discovered it where it has always been hidden.

In the end, the only thing that matters is the seriousness of someone's approach, not their choice, or nature of approach. Philosophy is there maybe to guide and give you a hint. But if you are not doing anything, you're not moving anywhere, and guide to you is useless. Also, in some sense, practical division is something that guides movement of everything in this CAUSAL Universe. You can see everything here simply as cause and effect, always two "forces" opposed creating movement through time – up the Spiral.

FURTHER ON ABOUT "DIVISION"

As mentioned above, division in this Causal Universe is very real, on physical and, consequently on psychological and mental levels – Being that physical, psychological and mental are closely connected and interwoven. All three, experienced by ordinary Consciousness, are material, although all three having their acausal nature as well, which is more unified, in between one another, and in terms of polarity.

These polarities, manifested through division in this Causal Universe are very important for individual Alchemical work and for the understanding of the theory and practice behind the same. It is also one of the basic hermetic principles, known as principle of polarity, that states:

Everything is Dual; everything has poles; everything has its pair of opposites; like and unlike are the same; opposites are identical in nature, but different in degree; extremes meet; all truths are but half-truths; all paradoxes may be reconciled.

-The Kybalion

It's like mixing of Fire and Water, dissolving of Sol and Luna in pure Azoth. In Alchemy, Azoth is the "Prime Matter", Pure Mercury. Essential requisite of the Great Work, which, in its nature is the same as the attainment of the Alchemist – the Philosopher's Stone. Some say that "A" and "Z" in Azoth stands for "Alpha" and "Omega" of the Greek alphabet. In return, Alpha and Omega stands for these two polarities manifested through all. It stands for Numinous and Sinister, for Sol and Luna, for Water and Fire etc. One of the names for Azoth is Fiery-Water.

We can say that "ω9α" is actually a glyph of Azoth (Prime Matter) and, thus also a glyph of Philosopher's Stone, because of the essentially same nature of Prime Matter and Philosopher's Stone. Further, it is also a glyph of the whole alchemical process of transformation of this Prime Matter into Philosopher's Stone, which (process) is contained within the both (Azoth and the Stone). So, as "Alpha" and "Omega" represents Numinous and Sinister, Sol and Luna, Fire and Water, the "9" represents esoteric philosophy of the Order, that is, re-codified alchemical process of transforming and melding these opposites. It represents 7 + 2 spheres of the Tree of Wyrd: Luna, Mercury, Venus, Sol, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn + Abyss and the ToW itself. These spheres, among other things, represents stages of alchemical work; or stages of Seven -Fold Way of the o9a, as well as main "metals" used in this work, and so on... My name, Zorya Aeterna, and my signature used in writings like this one (Z.:.9.:.A) are also my reminders for the Azoth, for the Stone, the Order, the Tradition, the Mystery (ω9α), and so on... again...

FURTHER ANALOGIES IN RELATION TO “ω9α” GLYPH

We explained how “ω9α” glyph relates to Order’s own esoteric philosophy, which is description of alchemical process, and how it is related to Azoth and Philosopher’s Stone. We mentioned that A and Z in Azoth stands for α and ω, which represents Numinous and Sinister, Good and Evil, Sol and Luna, RHP and LHP and so on... in o9a glyph, ω stands the first because it is Sinister Order, and adherents start their Journey from Sinister moving towards the Numinous. Also, ω and α are symbols for inner and outer Order, that is inner ONA and following body of affiliates and associates. As stated here:

The ONA has and always has had both an exoteric [causal] and an esoteric [acausal/Aeonic] purpose and nature; a dual nature [sinister/numinous; sinisterly-numinous] manifest in (α) a leaderless, a non-structured, non-hierarchical collective (or collection) of (often clandestine) individuals, groups, and nexions, who are all – in some way or other, and in whole or in part – guided by or inspired by the esoteric philosophy of Anton Long {1}, and in (ω) the ancestral and occult pathei-mathos of the individual Rounwytha and of the Inner ONA.

Thus, α [alpha] implies – necessitates – the continuing development/reformation/counter-reformation of ‘the theory and praxis of the ONA’ by both individuals and groups, sans sycophancy, with the consequent subversion of existing outer (causal, worldly) forms and structures and the development of new ones; while ω [omega] implies – necessitates – the pursuit, over decades, of Lapis Philosophicus by a few (often reclusive) individuals and thus them adding to not only the occult pathei-mathos of the ONA but to the ancestral pathei-mathos germane to all human beings.

So, this is the same universal formula you can apply anywhere, applied on Order itself and its constitution. What follows is a little allegorical story I devised to explain relation between inner and outer Order:

MISTRESS AND HER CHILDREN

And they asked Them – tell us of essence and what it is? Tell us what ONA is?

ONA is like an old Mistress who had three children. And one day that old Mistress went on her journey leaving her property to her three children so they take care of it while she’s gone. And on her leaving she summoned her children and gave a coin to each one of Them. After some causal time Mistress returns and upon her returning she summons her three children and asks Them:

“My children, upon my leaving I gave each one of you a coin – now tell me what each one of you had done with the coin I gave them?”

And first child came forward and said: *“Here, Mistress – I took the coin you gave me and went out in the world and made many much coins out of that one you gave me I’m bringing it all to you.”*

And Mistress smiled and said: *“You are truly my child! Take all of the coins you made out of this one I gave you, for it is truly your owning and property from now on until the end of time. And go and use it to find and buy lapis philosophicus with no bargaining.”*

And second child came forward and said: *“Here, Mistress – I took the coin you gave me and went out in the world and made, not as many much coins out of that one you gave me, but all the same I’m bringing it all to you.”*

And Mistress smiled and said: *“You are truly my child! Take all of the coins you made out of this one I gave you, for it is truly your owning and property from now on until the end of time. And go and use it to find and buy lapis philosophicus with no bargaining.”*

And third child came forward and said: *“Here, Mistress – I took the coin you gave me and I buried it into the ground to give it back to you once you are back”.*

And Mistress looked at her child with bitterness and anger and said: *“You are truly not my child! I gave you coin and you gave it back to me? Do you think I need back coin I so generously gave to you? But I will take away from you that one coin I gave you, and from now on you are not my child, but my servant if you still choose to bear and shame family name!”*

For to everyone who has will be given even more and he will have the abundance; but from those who have nothing even what they have will be taken away.

* * *

In mentioned analogy, Mistress is ω , her children are α and coin is 9. As an ordinary coin, that is basically just a piece of metal if no one agree on its value, same 9 is just a philosophy if both ω and α does not agree on its esoteric value. Those who bury their coin in the ground are those who just wave around with 09a flags devoid of esoteric understanding and of actual alchemical work, and those who multiply coins are those who add up to 09a esoteric value in philosophy and praxis. Both falls under “ α ” or those who are being used, from some perspective, but both given equal means to transgress limits and take part in Aeonic mystery.

We can go further in searching analogies in relation to this division, bringing it to two very important figures of the Order: Anton Long and Christos Beest.

We don’t need some deep analysis to make clear distinction between these two natures. AL’s nature is more of Fire – considered more with practical experiences, violence, extremism, sharp-tongue intellectualism that radiates strict attitude, propagation of hard traditionalism within ONA etc.

On the other hand CB’s nature is more of Water – considered more with painting, chants etc. Even his political and occult writings are more intuitive than intellectual, always hinting at something progressive and beyond tradition, radiating, somehow, softer attitude.

So, here AL can be seen as ω and CB as α . You can see these two characters mixed in different proportions within every 09a individual and group. Some even tend to see it as two different approaches to the Tradition – one approach is strictly established practical way, and the other

approach is intuitive flow down the Sinisterly-Numinous current.

IN CONCLUSION

I hope I succeeded, at least in part, to share my view on this subject, which in short will be as follows:

As much as I see every kind of division as superficial and false from philosophical perspective, I see it very important, in every aspect, from practical perspective. Maybe it isn't important which one of many diverse ways you chose to reach destination, but it is important that you actually choose one and do the walk. Many falls into trap to believe they reached destination just because they saw it clearly or someone pointed at it. Or, simply imagine the two of us heading to the same mountain peak starting our walk at two separate roads. We can both see the peak, and someone informed us what's up there. But, in order to reach the peak in shortest time and meet there each need to follow their own road. You cannot duplicate and walk both roads to the mountain, or walk half of your road and then turn back to the beginning to follow my road. So, if one choses Left Hand Path or Right Hand Path, one must follow it despite their feeling/knowing that at the end ALL is ONE. Such knowing will not get them anywhere – only the walk.

Z.:.9.:.A

ABG Lodge

125 Year ov Baphomet



KISS OF MARENA

Part 1

Raven opened his eyes. The blood was pounding in his temples, giving a thud in the brain, the body covered with cold sweat, he was short of breath, and fear of cold vise fettered his soul again

The same dream...

He took a deep breath, trying to calm down and to manage a hectic current of thoughts. Consciousness slowly cleared up, he looked at the clock - four in the morning. The city was still sleeping outside rain was drizzling softly, and with opening of window he breathed the refreshing coolness of the night.

Raven was lying staring at the ceiling, trying not to think about anything, but this horrible nightmare again and again was popping up in front of his eyes. Viscous darkness, unbearable cosmic cold, and that terrifying creature in a black shroud, from which he could not escape. This nightmare haunted him since childhood, always the same ... All seemed dissolving in the darkness, and the cold wind brought the news of the uninvited guest, a viscous darkness flooded all around, and from that darkness She came out... He tried to scream, but he couldn't hear himself, his voice just disappeared, he tried to run, but his legs were turning into cotton, and every step was incredible difficulty to him, as moving through the mire, the horror paralyzed his body and did not allow him to breathe, or to think, and she just was following him - not trying to catch up with him, but also not allowing the escape. When strength left him, and he was ready to give up - a dream dissipated, and he woke up. Recently, this creature was his obsessive nightmare, Raven was seeing her more often, and that bothered him greatly.

No one would dare to call Raven a coward, in his twenty he has already won the respect of the crowd in the NS, and was in their ranks for several years. He was known as a ruthless and uncompromising fighter, never missing an opportunity to test himself in combat. To him it was not important the skill or the number of opponents, only thing important was moment in the battle - a moment that tore from him all the social stamps and masks, turning him into a raging beast, that knew no mercy, he reveled that, in that moment of fight he always felt so Alive. It seemed that there was nothing in the world that can scare Raven, nothing ... Besides this nightmare. What is he afraid of? Death ... No, he was scared of the unknown.

Raven chased away disturbing thoughts and tried to sleep, a busy day awaits him. Tomorrow is the summer solstice, and he was turning twenty-one. Raven, being, like all his fellow pagans, always felt a mystical connection with his ancestors; servile Judeo-Christian faith was repugnant to his nature. He hated banal holidays with drunken revelry, and the birthday and holiday parties he never attended, Raven had his seasonal holidays, and April 20th. So on his birthday, he decided to kindle a fire in honor of the solstice and the glory of Ancestors.

In the evening Raven noticed a magazine article devoted to some anomalous areas located in the south of the Kaluga region, close to the Kozelsk. A place called "Devil's ancient settlement"¹ there were a lots of rumors about it, but the most interesting was that according

¹ Original «Чёрново городище» - "Chert's settlement". Chert, or Chort was Ancient Slavic god (demon) of misfortune

to legend the Settlement was Vyatichi heathen temple, who used it for their religious ceremonies. After another hour tossed, Raven after all fell asleep. After a quick breakfast, he grabbed the backpack, prepared the night before, and went out into the street. The weather was wonderful; the rain that was falling last night made only small fast-drying pools, and the trip was going to be pleasant.

To the Sosenskiy village, which lay on the path to the settlement, he got on the bus by the evening, it still wasn't dark and Raven had enough time. In recent days, he read a lot of information on how to get to the place and made a detailed map of the route. According to reviews, Castle was almost impossible to find without a guide, but he surprisingly quickly managed to find his way, not even looking at the map, as if he had been there more than once. Some inner instinct told him what the right direction was.

After going about three kilometers on asphalt road, Raven turned into the woods. In the cool of the evening forest prevailed, centuries-old pine trees, in the light of the setting sun casted long weird shadows, the air was filled with the smell of tar and wild herbs. Raven was struck by the tranquility and joy reigned in his soul, as if he came home, he did not care about those dark legends and rumors that were surrounding this place. He wanted to lose his human form, turn into a beast and be part of the forest forever.

-Stop it! - Raven heard a voice sounded so clear in his mind that he looked around in wonder. Stopping, he realized that he had lost track of time and had no idea how far through the forest, reproaching himself for negligence, Raven took a map trying to find landmarks. Suddenly, as if emerging from a different dimension, a huge black bird flew over, he was stunned the first time in his life he saw a crow so close in the wild. With this mystical bird he had a special bond, Raven consider it as his totem - animal strength, so his first tattoo, he had on his left shoulder, was crow.

Bird perched on the branch of an old tree in the forest fork and invitingly croaked, no doubt about it, she called him to follow. As in a dream, he went to the call of the winged messenger, and, after two hundred meters, he realized that right in front of him stood a wooden sign "Ferris mound." The bird was gone, but this strange meeting was only the beginning of the mystical night that forever changed the life of the Raven ...

Half an hour later the Raven became clear that he got to the place. After crossing a wooden bridge over a small river, he saw a clear path up the hill, which led him to huge moss-covered boulders. They stood like ancient guards guarding the entrance to the Otherworld. Next, passing the odd-shaped mound of stones, he went to a small rock on top of which lay a flat stone, resembling an altar to him, at the foot of the cliff, he found a small cave with amazing glowing moss and a flat area, where he decided to set up camp.

Close to midnight, Raven gathered branches for the fire while repeating the phrase connected with his goal, in his head, he was going to light the fire, in order to hold an improvised ceremony. but something stopped him, listening to his senses, he noticed that there was a dead silence around, no birds were singing, the trees made noise, even obsessive mosquitoes that accompanied him from the very beginning of the trip, were gone. Forest froze, as it was waiting for something or someone. In this oppressive silence Raven felt he was not alone, instinctively checking the knife hanging from his belt, he decided to go up there where he saw

the altar stone. Wade through thickets and rocks in the dark was a challenge. Carefully, trying not to break his legs, Raven climbed on a rock and sat on the edge of the cliff, the setting sun could be seen on the horizon, but the sky over his head was studded with stars.

Raven sat back and starting to think, looking at the incomprehensible starry sky. He felt all the grandeur of the place, its age-old wisdom. He felt that these stones still remember the birth of humanity that passed before their eyes during countless ages. In the silence of the night forest Raven could only hear his breathing, he soon began to feel that the earth is breathing with him in unison. He felt himself lying on the back of an ancient mighty snake. He realized that this is not the rite of words and fire, that this ceremony began back then when he bought the tickets, or even earlier - when he made the decision to come here, he came here not by chance but fate brought him. The reality was slipping away from him, he felt that he falls into a dark abyss. A sudden gust of icy wind from nowhere, forced Raven to get up on his feet. From the side of the cliff thick darkness was rapidly bearing down on him, consuming all around, the cold penetrated his body, Raven felt the hairs on the back of his neck stood on end, quiet rustling behind him gave away someone's presence. For a split second Raven pulled out a knife and turned - what he saw before him, made him shudder with horror, appeared before him was a gloomy image of his nightmare. Eyes dimmed, his fingers limp loosened, and the knife fell from his hand.

-It's just a bad dream, just a nightmare - Raven tried to calm down. - Now I'll wake up, and you'll disappear ...

Raven was standing with his back against the edge of the cliff, there was nowhere to retreat further, and there was no way to dispel the delusion. Raven, still in disbelief, gave away a strangled whisper.

-Who are you? Why are you following me? - Instead of answering entity removed the hood from the head, and Raven saw a woman with white hair like snow. It was impossible to know how old she is. Her face was young and beautiful, but the long silver-gray hair spilled over her shoulders saying the opposite, and in the depths of her fathomless black eyes were shining stars ...

The darkness faded away, along with the fear. The stranger walked over and hugged and kissed him. Her lips were stung cold, whole body started to vibrate in his head spun tornado, and a huge force of energy emanating from the woman in black, overwhelmed him. It was so monstrous that he could hardly contain his consciousness that it does not disintegrate into dust. A little more and the darkness of insanity would capture him, but Raven suddenly stopped struggling and let these energies in himself, they entered into a resonance with his consciousness, all the masks suddenly collapsed. And he, for a moment, felt like a fixed center of the universe, and danced around in a delightful circled cosmos with its countless galaxies and stars.

Raven opened his eyes, everything blossomed. Stranger was no longer there, but he clearly felt her presence. He knew that she would never leave him, dissolving herself in him, in every cell of his body, in every drop of his blood. She came from an unknown world to Raven into his world and stayed there forever. Her perfect, like a cutten diamond consciousness intertwined with the neurons of his brain, merged with it in a symbiotic relationship, he woke up changed. Going down to the creek to wash up, he saw her eyes in his reflection, and at that moment

Raven came to realize who was an overnight guest. The Goddess Mara - the great goddess of winter cold, the night and the eternal sleep. The goddess of death and eternal life, leading her lovers to Immortality ...

Two days after Raven returned to the city, he began to notice that the things that used to seem commonplace and familiar are brought before his eyes in a completely new light.

And now, standing at the window, he shifted his gaze to the endless azure blue sky, the iron-gray and concrete monster, stretching under the windows of his skyscraper filled with meaningless scurrying mass of biological material.

"Cities - a cancerous tumor on the body of the earth," - thought Raven. This soulless hydra, named "metropolis", was grinding its gears into any human individuality, dissolving and depersonalizing it among the hundreds of thousands of humanoid clones. He, more than ever, felt that there is some powerful invisible force that controls this hydra, acquiring its power with help of the bodies and souls of men. Raven almost physically felt its cold sticky tentacles are drawing him, trying to absorb himself and everything that is dear to him.

"The slave system" - how many times Raven heard these words, but he never thought about it so deeply. Night on Devil's Castle, kiss of the Dark Goddess pulled him out of the shackles of the system, and now, standing at the window, looking at the city, Raven finally realized the true face of his enemy. At his heart was the flame of hatred, he longed to challenge his unseen enemy, and he vowed that will fight to the last breath, and will not back down until the last beat of his heart. Raven closed his eyes, he clearly felt the presence of the Goddess.

Show me the way - he whispered. Insistent phone call got through the veil of crazes.

Raven picked up the phone, call was from his old friend and ally, she was passing near him and decided to stop by. Raven smiled at synchronicity, her name was Margaret, but her friends called Margot.

-Margot Mara, there's your sign - Raven thought.

He knew Margo more than one year, she was a great artist and tattoo master, exactly two years ago, she gave him a tattoo on his shoulder. Margo was one of those rare girls who admired Raven. Apart from the fact that Mother Nature has bestowed upon her beauty and talent, she was a staunch supporter of the National Assembly and healthy lifestyle, and more, in addition, had the title of CCM in kickboxing, which was impossible to imagine looking at this seemingly fragile and comely creation . Margot and Raven often trained together, it was fun to see how it in sparring in a few minutes she was able to render inoperative any smug beginner who does not take seriously Woman with boxing gloves. She was a shining example of why anyone should never underestimate the enemy, Raven was always glad to see her.

Margo kissed him on the cheek. - Well, how are you brother? To the hell with the last year! - She thrust him into the hands a package.

-I was thinking a lot what to get you for present, hope you like it - she has thrown off the shoulder her gym bag.

-You came back from a workout? - Asked Raven, opening the gift. - Why are you ... - He didn't finish the sentence. - The gods! Unbelievable! - Raven looked at the picture, which Margo gave

him, and could not believe his eyes - from the canvas Dark Goddess looked at him - a beautiful Mara, just as he remembered her from the Settlement, the incredible beauty of a woman of unknown age with white as snow hair, because of such coincidences he felt dizzy.

-Raven!? What's wrong with you? - Margo looked at him puzzled. - Your face is ... Something not right? Raven came to his senses - No. It's all right ... You're just an incredible artist! A wonderful picture, thank you.

-Oh well, come on - she waved relaxed, her face just glowed with happiness. -You got any plans for today? Do you remember you said you would like to learn knife fight? - Margot has made a significant pause and looked at him, as if assessing the effect her words produced in him.

-So, I recently met a very interesting guys, they have a knife fighting group on their own, anyone who brings someone there is responsible for them. It's very serious, I've been on a few workouts, I think that's what you're looking for. I'm on my way there, are you going?

Raven stopped being surprised, therefore, accepted her invitation for granted. It took him a few minutes to assemble and then they were walking along a busy street toward the bus stop. -Where are we going? - He asked.

-Today, we train in the park, but in general, training is usually held in different locations, no one knows in advance where, they receive notion about the place a few hours before the workout. Strict discipline, if you miss training without a good reason, you train no more. You arrive to the point by running, as a rule, five miles, if you do not run – you do not know where to train.

-Who's the coach? - Raven was intrigued. - I do not know who he is, no one knows his name and where he is from, and everyone calls him, simply instructor.

While getting to the venue, Raven analyzed the events of recent days. Everything that happened to him, it was a truly fateful, and now every event that happens to him, had special meaning, he felt that the Goddess led him, and he was happy to follow her. Outwardly, he was cool and calm, but inside he was full of emotions. Raven realized that he had received an invitation and not by accident and that what was ahead of him – was something he searched for and wanted for many years.

Raven could not imagine himself without martial arts. He began as a child with Wushu, his parents gave him to the group of Wing Chun masters, and for nearly three years he was studying this style. At fifteen, while advancing greatly in this direction, he realized that this style even though it was the most applied of all of the Chinese martial arts, didn't represent the full system without its spiritual foundations, and Raven, unused to stop half a way, has devoted two years of studying the basics of Taoism and Chan Buddhism. He devoted much time to daily practice of meditation, studied the works of Chinese thinkers and even planned a trip to the Chinese monastery in order to get direct access to the tradition, but in time realized that he cannot cheat his nature and being by blood and consciousness a western man he could understand the wisdom of the East, only theoretically, and he didn't want just to wear a Chinese mask. Training was not in vain, he realized that any martial art should be founded on spiritual basis and be part of a community of people. Then there was a karate style aikijutsu,

as opposed to Wing Chun, with applied aspect of strong spiritual foundation, aikijutsu as a martial art was "remaking" of karate as a sport. After a few months of classes in this style Raven decided not to waste time, he was tired of the endless kata training in Japanese kimono and discourses about practicing samurai valor. Raven did not understand why talking about samurais here, on Russian land, and the ancestor Cossacks were slaying them mercilessly, but few people knew about this.

Many of his friends were engaged in Thai boxing, they even had a "real" team. The training was tough enough and seemed to Raven to be close to reality. For a year, he developed himself in this direction, quickly earning himself the glory of "thug" in the ring. He immediately entered into a state of frenzy, for him there was only one goal - to "win at all costs." Due to the lack of compromise and the will to win, he soon became one of the best in the group. But then he ran into another problem, the coach, seeing him as a huge potential, has been actively campaigning to get him into team for fighting competition. This, at first, even captured the Raven, but with each victory sport was taking more and more time, and soon there was no any time left for anything except for sports halls, he practically "lived" there, he constantly imagined sky-high perspective of the championships, training in Thailand, earnings and fame. In the end, all of that became boring to him, Thailand, sports competitions and the championship - it's not something that he wanted; he would prefer Russian forests and mountains, with no desire to attract attention to himself. But he got a good basis for further improvement, building his blow, work with elbows and knees. Eventually, Raven came to the army fighting. This was what he was looking for a long time, it's simple and honest – if there is an enemy they must be destroyed, extremely fast and hard. No sport, just tough, "prikladuha."² By his twenty Raven has learned to filter out what he had been taught in order to know what "works" on the street, and what not. He tested everything in battle, the good fight in the streets with youth. Because of that he was not tied to any style and direction, and from every direction took what worked well and smoothly in combat. Preference was given to simple and effective techniques: low kicks to the joints, punches to the head, often with his fist and the base of the palm, hitting in the back of the head, with elbows and knees, hitting with his head. For a long time he retrained to beat low-kick not for sports, and to deliver them in the area of knee ligaments. Raven has come to the understanding of the martial arts, to which came the legendary Bruce Lee. He smiled when he saw Dzhitkundo followers blindly copying the teacher, Raven realized that Dzhit kun do is not just another style, as many people thought, it was an Idea and everyone had to create their Dzhitkundo – their style, on the basis of a long and hard Practice. Each person is different; both physically and mentally, because of this Raven didn't want to be limited.

A real discovery for him was the knife fight, six months ago; he and some friends visited the Russian championship sporting knives combat. Among the many schools Raven chose a club, whose members have shown themselves to be most worthy fighters in the championship, but it soon became clear that the instructor, who trained him taught nothing of what would Raven like to learn. Knife fight was an endless exercise of symmetrical contacts, "knife" - "knife", and was a young fast growing sport discipline. Fencing on the knives was relevant for the beautiful sport fight in the ring, but for Raven it was hard to imagine where he can apply the skills of fencing on the street, and although training has often included work on close knife sparring, it was still not what he expected from knife fight, but there was no other alternative at the time. All gathered in a city park, dressed, with things in backpacks. Fifteen people gathered, including three women. Raven knew some people there, some right-wing activists he met in

² Slang -прикладные боевые искусства - Applied Martial Arts

joint activities. Raven met with those whom he did not know, and then he was introduced to the instructor, they shook hands, and their acquaintance was over. Instructor didn't ask anything. Raven was here and that meant that someone already vouched for him, and said everything needed.

At the command of the instructor they threw their backpacks on the shoulders and run. Raven never ran much in his life, but this running caused him not too much trouble. Twenty minutes later, they ran into a small deserted clearing that was sufficient for the exercise. There was no time for break, throwing off their backpacks, all lined up. The instructor came forward. - The theme of today's lesson - melee work against unarmed opponent, armed with a knife, and work with a knife against a group, working spontaneous action with a knife at the sudden attack, and consolidation of what was learned in the last training session.

-Split into pairs, warm-up! - Ordered the instructor. Warm-up consisted of three five-minute exercises: the first was "tag", sparred no bumps on the hands, the second "tag" their feet, and the third - the fight on their knees. The break between the exercises was about a minute. At the command of changing partners, stuffing began, their forearms, torso and legs.

-Strikes should not shock you in battle. - Explained instructor. - That is why in training you must experience full discomfort. In order to avoid interfering of stress in the battle, it must be experienced during the training, expanding the "stress zone". Remember - in training as in combat, in combat as in training!

Raven liked very much body packing exercises. The essence of the exercise was to stand opposite to each other in turns to punch the chest, the force of impact increases, and the exercise lasted as long as the shocks do not become unbearable, and one of practitioners do not give up. No one wanted just to play, because of this, exercise turned into a good workout for building combat morale.

-Finish the workout, go to practice. - The instructor took several combat knives. - The following exercise is a feeling of a knife. Stand in a circle, with two hands gripped the knife, and we throw it one to another, caught immediately tossed, without delay. Is that clear? Action!

Getting exercise done does not cause trouble. They were throwing knife easily from one to another, even had time to make jokes, but once the instructor let two knives into circulation, it was not fun. It required maximum concentration, assault weapons does not forgive mistakes, and as a result, some people have felt it, getting shallow cuts.

Then everyone took wooden knives, and began working out the basic techniques, it was a simple and mostly familiar to Raven. A simple army technique crosses, jabs, combinations of the cross - jab, jab - cut, cut - jab, work with knife - punch.

-Technique should be simple and effective, repeated thousands of times. This allows you to not think in knife fight and act at the level of reflexes - the instructor said, while watching workout. - In a knife-fight there's no place for complex and beautiful combinations, the work must be extremely tough and simple. Particular attention should be paid to working out a knife pulling out followed by immediate puncture or incision.

The instructor explained that was the foundation of a fight with a knife, that which sets it apart from the sport knife fight, which is the degeneration of this ancient discipline.

-The current trend of knife fighting was created exclusively for clubs and schools earnings that train numerous "office planktons", instilling in them the illusion of safety - the instructor said dismissively.

- But they forget that the knife is the murder weapon, and that holding it in your hand means to be ready at any time to cross the line and kill the enemy. Remember the idea of fatal and non-fatal attack should not be in your head during the battle! No time to aim in the shoulder when the opponent is eager to plunge a knife into you. It is therefore important skill during a surprise attack or quick melee retrieval the usage of knife in combat. There is no such thing as separating "knife fight" and "unarmed fight", there is a complex work "unarmed fight - knife." Now we are working on pulling out knife quickly and using it instantly. So everyone take your knives, each one will perform this exercise with their weapons. On my command, as quickly as possible, pull out the knife and produce a series of blows to the imaginary enemy.

Despite the simplicity of the exercise, not all turned out well-coordinated while working on "extraction - a blow." This exercise, according to the instructor, is a base in a fight with a knife, so it needs to be fully automatic.

At the command of the instructor they finished the exercise. – We are finished with technique for today - the instructor said. – Now go to the sparring. Symmetric sparring "Knife - Knife" is rare, and if it is not ritual combat, it is doubtful that in real life you have to work in such a manner, however, sport schools are considered with practicing this particular manner of combat. We use these fights just as a training of distance, speed and techniques applied on a moving partner, rather than a stationary simulator. So now for the newcomer we will do our traditional round of sparring.

The instructor turned to the Raven: - In this exercise, you will work in a manner of "Knife - Knife" against each one for twenty - thirty seconds.

All stood around Raven and the instructor commanded: "Fight!" Thirty seconds later followed command, "Next!" Raven had difficulties with this exercise, the partners were changing, each had their weight and height, and their own style of battle, and Raven had to learn to quickly readjust for the next partner, a mistake made was followed by painful puncture or incision. Despite the "spottiness" of sparring, it has been an exercise in applied aspects. Raven was fighting for about ten minutes and by the end of the exercise he held himself up with the last effort, but all came to an end, the instructor gave the order: "Stop!" Exercise was over.

Then they worked out in detail several combinations of combat, repeated work on three levels and consolidated knowledge about areas that should be affected by knife, as well as the working out of an unarmed partner against the one armed with a knife.

-Now we will do an exercise that will help you to understand the difference between the practices of sport knife fighting and applied knife fighting - the instructor said.

-In addition, today we will also work on very fast pulling out the knife. Divide into groups of two - three men and stand in these groups along a single line along which one person doing

the exercise will have to go. That group, which I will point out, will suddenly attack one who is walking while they are passing these groups. One who is walking will not know which group would attack. We work without gloves, allowed are all kinds of attacks, the task of the one who is walking is to respond quickly to the attack, taking defense and pulling out the knife to apply it. We are ranking fast pulling out the knife and the subsequent destruction of the enemy. This exercise affects attention and intuition, a fighter learns to feel when group will attack. The attackers additionally will be working on technique of group interaction, training a well-coordinated group attack on the enemy.

All have gone through this exercise in turns. After that it was time for physical training, it was not meant to be distraction during the training, so it was done in the end. It was consisted of a classic five laps of "Cooper" army test so popular at a reception in the Special Forces. When this exercise was over, it was the time for mental preparation.

-Who now wants to step over the line? - Asked the instructor.

-For those who are here for the first time I will explain that this exercise teaches us to act more freely in combat, without falling into a stupor of fear of death. The instructor looked Raven into the eyes; Raven stepped forward, accepting a challenge.

Two guys took on painful control of Raven's arms, the third stood in front of him , behind the instructor threw a rope around Raven's neck . On the command, one who stood in front of Raven began to strike him with hands and feet, gradually bringing them to blows in full force. Those standing on the sides intensified painful control on Raven's hand joints and instructor gradually tightened the rope around his neck. Raven strained neck muscles, growled, rushed forward, taking blows. Thirty seconds later he ceased to feel bumps, despite the fact that they were applied in full force, he felt the warmth spreads through his body and plunged into darkness. He did not notice the boundary transition, funnel started spinning in his head, and he again felt the Presence. He woke up from instructor's slapping of his face. - All rise.

Raven got to his feet and looked around, he still could not understand where he was and what happened.

-Welcome back, - smiled instructor. - Training is over, thank you for your diligence. Homework - spend a day with a knife in your hand. All must be done without letting the knife from your hand, a knife will eventually cease to be something separate from you, and you will feel it as an extension of your body. That's all until the next workout. One thing more, the next training session will be held in clothes you usually wear, jeans, sneakers, in a word that clothing and footwear you walk in every day on the street.

Raven continued to go to training. They were held in different locations, and the conditions were different, the winter training conducted outdoors in winter clothes, were sparring on a slippery surface and in deep snow. Several sessions devoted to training in the stairwell of an apartment house, practicing in the entrance porch, climbing stairs and the elevator, entrance to the apartment, and actions by the sudden attack at these places. Practiced were better attack options in the stairwell, the ability to quickly detect the presence of cameras, use clothes to disguise and ability to competently carry out exploration of the scene of the alleged attack. Instructor taught to think, his goal was to raise the Warriors to think harmoniously, to combine logic and intuition in their training and in battle. Even public transportation has

been a place for training. According to the instructor at the training it was important to experience all of the presumed collisions with the enemy, tested in a rigid form and repeated hundreds of times, they will not be surprised and will be allowed to act more relaxed in a real attack. Also they practiced all different combat options, in the supine position, in case knocked down, working on different surfaces: earth, gravel, asphalt. Soon the surface on which the training took place, did not matter, they all were feeling easy in the fall and worked brilliantly lying, with weapon and without it, as against the single attacker, and against groups. They devoted a lot of time working out surprise attacks, bringing the action in these situations to the level of reflexes. Psychological preparation played an important role in training. All conducting training were obligated to cut themselves with a knife and to sew up themselves, this allows more comfort with the cuts and gave them emergency medicine skills. The instructor was a supporter of radical and hard training methods. Several times he organized a visit to the morgue for a more accurate study of the location of vital organs and for a mental training - it was a good practice, according to the instructor, for extending the so-called "stress zone". On each workout they studied "lethal" work leading up to the technique of automatism in affecting injuries on vital organs: the carotid arteries, heart, liver, inguinal triangle, femoral artery. They learned to work through the levels: groin, liver, throat, or vice versa. Stabbings and cuts were practiced not on static targets, but on moving sparring partners, the objective was affecting several attacks in the vital organs, leading to sure destruction of the enemy, and not just to poking with knife. Several trainings were done with wearing body armor, and studied peculiarities of a knife against a person protected by body armor, in this case attacks on the body were excluded, and the main objectives were getting throat and groin with the femoral artery. Additionally, each felt in practice how body armor shifts the center of gravity and they learned how to fight in it, given that it somewhat paralyzes usual melee combat..

Once a month they were doing sparring based on increased physical fatigue. To do this, after five kilometer cross, followed by five or seven turns of Cooper test, they would work on continuous fight on knees for five minutes, followed by a melee or knife fight. This develops skills of physical fatigue, and the ability to use reserves of the body, mobilizing it in combat. Often they practiced sparring circles, similar to what Raven experienced on his first training with this group. The instructor was not dogmatic and everything new that someone saw or heard was deconstructed at the end of training on basis of application, and if the technique was simple and useful, it is accepted as a part of the combat training.

Instructor taught several meditations that Raven often did when he went into the woods on the weekend. One of them was meditation performed at the full moon. Its goal was a quick dip into a trance. Its point was to look at the reflection of the full moon in the blade of the knife. Another exercise was feeling blade as part of the body. To do this, you first need to concentrate on the pulse in your hand, then clutching the blade with your fingers, as the practice is deepened you are gradually beginning to feel the pulse at the tip of the blade. When Raven first felt it, he felt a sense of fun and amazement, knife truly become an extension of his hands, and he felt his blade beating in his heart. Raven's favorite exercise was called "Breath of Stars." To do this in a starry night you had to get on the hill and to take the knife with both hands and arms forward with a blade pointing at the starry sky, relaxing start to inhale, visualize how the energy flows through the Cosmos to the blade, following inhalation as an antenna, flowing through the hands and body, leaving through the legs into the Earth. This exercise allowed feeling of a canal connecting the Earth and Space, an integral part of the Trinity: Space - Man - Earth. Another exercise - practice of walking blindfolded during the

night in the woods, aimed at developing intuition and the ability to "see with the body." Initially, Raven often ran into the bushes and trees, but after a couple of months of training he was able, to predict, with some unknown sense when the tree is on the path. To study the internal fears, the instructor taught the exercise "Thousand Steps". Exercise was done in the night in the woods, blindfolded. One had to go ahead, making each step in a heartbeat, concentrating on inner feelings, after a thousand steps, the blindfold was removed and meditation was conducted on the place where one finished exercise. Often when Raven opened his eyes, he saw the forest in a different light; it was like another dimension in which he stepped invisibly during the exercise. Forest, blindfold and steps into the unknown strongly activated unconscious processes, rising to the surface of consciousness different repressed memories and fears, allowing them to recognize, and thus get rid of their toxic and blurring influence on consciousness.

Raven often thought that there were some secret in knife combat, which instructor still did not reveal. This feeling never left him, and, one day, he directly asked about this, the instructor smiled and told him that there are two secrets, and one of them he will reveal to him. They agreed to meet on Saturday in the country near the border of the forest, uniforms - sneakers and tracksuit.

On Saturday, at the appointed hour Raven was in place, there were many different, lengthy, cycle tracks and footpaths going from there.

The instructor was waiting for him.

-Welcome! What was your longest run? - He asked, shaking hands with Raven.

-Five kilometers, or something like that – Answered Raven.

-Now I will run with you half-marathon – twenty one kilometer.

There is a very scenic route - the instructor said, pointing toward the woods. Remember Raven, running - "Meditation of a Warrior", it is the most functional for psychological training of a fighter and their endless development.

-This is the secret? - Raven looked at the instructor with undisguised surprise, he did not realize that there can be something special in long distance running, of course, confused, because jogging was not something that Raven expected.

-Yes - said firmly instructor. - And, despite all the apparent simplicity of today's exercises, you will soon understand all its effectiveness.

They briefly warmed up and ran down the forest path. Spring was in full swing, the snow disappeared recently, but the forest was feast for the eyes with its first tender green color, gentle spring sun shone from a cloudless sky, birds chirping in countless voices, rejoicing occurring warm, welcoming land awakening from its winter sleep. The air was fresh and clean and enabled Raven to run his first five kilometers very easily, he ran, while enjoying the beauty that reigned around, and it seemed to him that he can run indefinitely. An hour later and ten kilometers were behind, Raven felt the tension in the legs and prominent fatigue, he did not look around, and tried to stay focused only on the run. Half an hour later they were

running around fifteen kilometers, and Raven remembered instructor's parting words about Meditation of a Warrior, running was hard, he stopped to notice what was happening around him, he listened more to himself and his own feelings, tension grew in the legs, Raven saw only a section of road in front of him and only heard his breath. With awareness strange things become happening, the boundary between the inner and the outer world has become blurred, it was a feeling that everything was somehow unreal. From the depths of consciousness rose all suppressed conflicts and problems, and in some unknown way Raven began to unravel this tangle. At eighteen kilometers Raven realized that he running right only when focusing attention on instructor's elbow while running, and only this moment returned him to reality, but only briefly, in a second real world again dissolved, and he ran alone, alone in the world.... There was nothing, no forests, no instructor, and the world itself existed not, he was a shell without a thought driven by an unknown force. But in some remnants of thoughts Raven knew he will reach the finish whatever it takes. Ravines, crossing the road, considerably complicated this challenging task, calves seemed ready to explode and burn unbearable fire, but at some point, Raven began to feel within himself some unknown source of power that forced him to move forward against the backdrop of incredible fatigue. He could not understand where this source was located in the back of his mind or outside, but as a clear boundary between inside and outside is no longer there it was not possible to find out its location. Raven realized that by turning off your mind and merging with this thread, he was able to overcome many of the internal and external borders and obstacles. With this awareness Raven overcame the last kilometer, and with Instructor, making a circle, he came back to the place from which they left two hours ago.

Instructor patted Raven on the shoulder:

-Congratulations on your first half-marathon! And now, the second secret. The second secret is that line separating Instructor of knife-fight and the Master, it is important in overcoming human dogma - killing your own kind. During this practice, done for more than one or two times, Master of knife is born. Realize these two secrets, and you realize that you do not need to ask any questions and look for something outside; you realize that everything is inside of you, all knowledge and truth. Suppressed civilization of ancient warriors will awake in you. Son of Heaven and Earth. You yourself will become a source of knowledge, truth and cosmic justice. But for others you'll be only a instructor, because everything else will be your secret, hidden from the rest. Ability to mask in society is an important skill, and like with everything else experience is acquired. Learn to comprehend your limits and overcome them in achieving the goals, and by doing so come to the realization of your destiny. Instructor's words penetrated deep into the Raven's consciousness without encountering obstacles of weary ego. Words penetrated and gained life in Raven's head, as if it was his thoughts, and he knew it all before, but just forgot, and now remembered.

-Well, see you in training - instructor shook Raven's hand in farewell.

-Relax, I advise you take a hot bath with salt, the first two hours can be bad, do not be afraid, let go, it always happens at the beginning. And one more thing- In a couple of weeks, my wife and I are planning trip to the nature, will you come with us?

-Yes, I will definitely go! - Said Raven, sincerely glad because of the unexpected opportunity to talk with the instructor, he felt that this man hid a mystery, they talked for almost a year, and Raven never knew anything about him, not even his name.

Raven poorly remembered how he got to the bus stop, and when he sat down on a seat on the bus, for a moment he lost his consciousness. When he awoke, he saw passengers looking at him. Apparently he was taken for a drunk. But Raven did not care, he had an invaluable experience today, opening at the back of his mind, under layer masks and social roles, Eternal Sunshine of the Black Sun. In all of that he learned to use found source of strength, and long-distance running was the key to this. At distance there is only one enemy - you, or rather, part of you which is too human, self-pity, the weakness of the physical body, laziness, and with every kilometer it is a struggle to grow stronger and fiercer. Running - a path through the pain and suffering to the heights of the human spirit, because in addition to management and control, once limit is passed brings with it the triumph of victory, the realization that you became stronger, fitter and more determined. Each new distance expands your human potential, not only in sports but also in life, and only you yourself define the boundaries, when you look forward to the endless kilometers of eternal Path to Perfection, from human to Superman - from Will to Triumph!

When Raven went to the elevator, he looked himself in the mirror and recoiled. His face was white as snow. Raven startled, ran his fingers over his face, and suddenly realized that these small salt crystals covered his face.

At the station reigned unimaginable throng opened the holiday season, and the townspeople, in anticipation of May bank holiday, rushed to their private plots. Raven found Instructor in suburban offices; he spoke passionately about something with high comely woman with long fiery red hair plaited in a tight braid. Noticing Raven, he waved his hand in greeting, inviting him to join. Raven came over and said hello. - Meet my wife Olga - instructor introduced his companion. Raven was struck with her eyes more than her appearance - green, bottomless and fascinating.

-Pleased to meet you Raven! - She said, charming, smiling.

- Well, - the instructor threw a huge backpack on his shoulders. - Let's go to the train, arrival is already announced.

Three hours later, they arrived at destination. The station was a small platform surrounded by deaf forest, through which led the trail barely noticeable to the eye. Coming in from the woods about five miles away, they came across the beautiful forest lake, which stretches along the shore of a small village of seven houses. Nothing spoke of presence of the people in them, he could not hear any noise, no barking watchdogs, only old spruce branches, and magpies fluttering worried, screeching loudly, disappearing into the woods.

-No one lives here? - Raven asked.

-The village is very old, the last old man took the children to the city, and nobody lives here. In late May, a few families come for the summer, but the rest is peace and quiet here. We love being here; now, in suburbs you can find a little solitude. House of instructor was on the outskirts of the village, at the edge of the forest. It was an ordinary log cabin, not standing out among the other village houses. Inside, it was cozy and without frills, in the kitchen Russian oven, oak table with old wooden chairs, carved cabinet with handmade dishes and a room with a small bed, laid by a blanket of sheepskin. Under the ceiling were hung bunches of dried herbs, it smelled of tree, wormwood and Hypericum. Around the house Raven noticed many

different ceremonial dolls of straw and shreds of tissue.

-My grandmother was a sorceress, - said Olga, noticing Raven's interest. -These are her dolls, this knowledge was handed down from mother to daughter, and they cherish home and the people, each has their own purpose. Here I made this doll for you - Olga took in her hands from the shelf a little doll with needlework and handed it to Raven. - I knew that you were coming, and I made it. Take it, for remembrance. Raven was stunned with surprise and embarrassed took Olga's gift. -This Podorozhnitsa³ is keeper on the road, if you are going somewhere, take it with you, it's a nice fellow traveler. -Olga looked at Raven as if knew his Fate, and the piercing gaze of her emerald eyes, brought cold into his heart.

Day was nearing end.

-We've got to - Olga said softly, glancing at the sky.

The instructor nodded and turned to the Raven.

-We want to show you another amazing place; it is very ancient, and marked by the gods. What happens today there must remain a secret, as the place itself. Evening forest looked like an animated illustration of a fairy tale, and Raven felt that he would not be surprised if they come across the Dragon or witches hut on their way. Dusk played tricks with vision, Raven, then noticed silently moving shadows behind them. Perhaps he was just imagining things, fueled by a sense of suspense and mystery, he thought ... Maybe ...

Human path has long ended; Olga went ahead, leading them following her landmarks. After some time, their path crossed a deep ravine overgrown with hazel and honeysuckle, but Olga, with confident movement pulled apart branches and slid deeper, Raven and instructor followed. On the steep path leading to the bottom of the ravine, were cut excavation steps that greatly facilitated the descent. Downstairs was cool and damp, creeping fog was making landscape sinister. After a few meters, they came to the steps leading upstairs. - We came - with mild solemnity, Olga said, running up the narrow earthy stairs. - Raven behold, here is our temple! Sight brought before the eyes of the Raven, was truly amazing. In the center of an extensive forest clearing two trees grew together - as Olga told later, the tree was one, but once upon a time it was struck by lightning which split it, but it did not die, the tree continued to live with two bodies and a single root, like the Great Cosmic Tree. Now Raven realized how Gods touched this place. It was a miracle that from the roots of a tree spring flowed, forming a small stream. Second thing that Raven noticed were large boulders buried in the ground, similar to the ones he had seen in Gorodistze, some were covered with moss and lichen, indicating their antiquity. Stones were not randomly scattered across the clearing, but formed a perfect circle, it could hardly be a coincidence.

Instructor slammed Raven's shoulder, to bringing him out of stupor - Come on Raven, we should find firewood, until it gets dark and you can still see something. There were a lot of dry trees around, and for a half an hour they were gathering it, clasped it in the center of the stone circle making a large bonfire, and then went to the stream to wash. They silently approached Olga, she was dressed in a long white linen shirt, collar, hem and sleeves were decorated with traditional Slavic embroidery and shirt was picked up by a thin red belt on waist. Over that shirt she was wearing a red cloak of fine wool with a hood; hair was gathered and tied with a

³ Original - Подорожница

scarlet ribbon. Olga gathered water in a wooden ladle, whispered something over it, and handed it to the instructor; he took one sip of it and passed it to Raven. Icy spring water was slightly sweet and refreshing, Raven drunk and gratefully returned the ladle to Olga.

When finally it was dark, instructor lit a fire. On white linen by the fire ritual objects were lying: a sickle and a shamanic drum. Olga took off her robe and her hair, her fiery locks were scattered over the body. Reflections of flame played in her emerald eyes, she was divinely beautiful. Olga came to the fire and threw into it the sheaf of dry grass, the bitter spicy smell spreads all around.

Instructor started slowly and rhythmically tapping the drum, Olga took off her belt and threw it into the fire, symbolically breaking the connection with the real world. Bonfire, began to flare stronger with new fuel, Olga took with her left arm a sickle, gently stepping, started to move around a campfire counterclockwise. Rhythm became stronger and more energetic, has been thumping mad, its pulsating shook space around. Olga like ancient deity of fire, spinning with a sickle in a frenzied dance, was filled with primitive power, animal power and irresistible passion. Raven watched with admiration Olga, energy of her dance pierced his body, he saw the true natural paganism, alive and real, how it must have been in ancient times, the unity of man, earth and space, expressed through dance, without the rants and trappings that were overcrowding those rites of modern Magi and sorcerers Raven met. Finishing dance Olga passed by Instructor and Raven gently circling each one with the sickle, she said:

-In the name of Mara, let all that is unnecessary and obsolete depart from you – she kissed instructor on the lips, and the Raven's on cheek finishing rite. Then, they sat for long by the dying fire, Olga was quietly humming, her voice was soft and melodious, and Raven, picking up a knife, started meditating, watching the glare of fire play on the cutting edge of the blade.

While they were coming back home Raven asked Olga:

-I've never seen or met anything like that, if it's not a secret, where that dance comes from? Which tradition it belongs to? - It's no secret - Olga smiled. - It came to me from within. The place itself, earth, stones and stars whispered to me dance moves. I feel when I have to come to this place to drink and dance the dance, and that depended on the natural cycles of the stars. Grandmother was teaching me collecting herbs and helped me develop this ability in me, she taught me, when and in what season to collect plant or something other, the morning dew, at dusk or during the full moon. She taught me to speak with trees and grasses, thank the earth for her gifts, collecting berries and mushrooms in the forest. She managed to save my soul and its relationship with the land in this modern materialistic world. –They continued to walk in silence; Olga still went ahead, with confident step wading in the darkness of the night forest.

Gray shadow glided softly through the trees, Olga stopped and pointed to a tree, a few steps ahead.

-A good sign. –Olga said. A large owl sat motionless on a branch and stared at them with its big yellow eyes not blinking. Raven quietly came and stood next to Olga. "Guuu"-Olga made the drawl noise through the castle folded hands, imitating the cry of the owl. Bird livened up "Gu Gu Gu" abruptly and loudly replied owl, craning its neck and gently rocking massive

head, and then it quietly, despite its size, flew off the branches, and flying over their heads, hid in the woods.

-Owl, bird leading hidden, seeing in the Darkness. Forefathers said that the goddess of the night often takes the shape of an owl - Instructor said, looking thoughtfully at the Crow. -Such meetings, especially after the ceremonies are never by chance. Further way home was uneventful.

In the morning Instructor and Olga accompanied him to the train, they invited him to stay a few more days, but Raven had some urgent business in town, and though he wanted to accept their invitation, he was forced to go. Instructor, seeing Raven genuinely upset by the fact that he could not stay, promised that they are going to get out all together here for a week, for example, in June, at Kupala⁴.

To Be Continued...

⁴ Celebration of Kupala – Ancient Slavic deity of fertility and joy. This celebration is still practiced today among many Slavic nations.

BLACK SEA - LUNA ROSA

People Change, Nature Changes, even Time itself changes. Change is the universal Law. But even so, there are some things that remain somewhere deep inside you throughout your life. These things don't care about you, they just are. They manifest almost in the same way, indifferent to what you believe, or act. For Kandur the principle of Water has always been important – from the flow of a river to the deep of the ocean. And if you think or feel far enough the same applies for the pace of a song, a philosopher's thought or history. Indeed, time is a river.

Kandur has been into Satanism for a few years. He studied different paths, everything he found to be of potential value. And when you lack information, any bit is important and when you practice it, you literally eat it like food and drink it like water – even when it has an odd smell or taste. The fountain of knowledge has bad and brackish water. But also, a lot of traps, fallacies and lies are taken as granted by the naïve and ignorant neophyte. On his quest he first met Laveyan Satanism, then Thelema, Diabolism, Luciferianism, Setianism, Spiritual Satanism and Demonolatry. He was not alone, he had a coven of like-minded people with whom he conducted his experiments together. But one may get lost in this infinite labyrinth if he or she doesn't possess the right mix of attitude, insight, knowledge and a certain perspective. Almost all of those people got lost somewhere along the Path. But Kandur somehow managed to find his way. And one day he discovered Traditional Satanism. Being already interested in the Traditionalist school of the early 20th century, he somehow integrated and related Traditional Satanism to the concept of Tradition he previously assimilated. Now everything started to come into place and by age twenty-one he decided to undertake the ritual of Self-Initiation in the Sinister Tradition, as presented in NAOS.



The rite itself requires bathing in a water in a natural setting. So, after considering the available options he decided that a small beach at the Black Sea coast is the ideal place. This beach, called Raven Beach is one of the last Romanian virgin beaches, or at least this is how it's advertised. But as usual, when people hear about some untouched place they rush there like grasshoppers. Raven Beach has the advantage that it's hard to reach and there's no village too close to it. Also, by going there at the middle of the week there are lower chances of meeting other people. This may sound like a lottery, but nothing was left by chance, as Kandur prepared this ritual some months in advance. He even obtained the design of the robes used in the Middle Ages and found a Satanist tailor who used traditional materials like linen. His

mistress, Lyar, also decided to come with him and aid him, if necessary. After a pretty long and tiring journey they arrived at the beach late at night, a day before the ritual. They set the tent and then inspected the beach. Indeed, a beautiful place, but there were groups of people every fifty meters or less. It's fine, but still, this is not the intimacy they hoped for. But the Self-Initiation Rite had to be done and a solution had to be found. And it came pretty soon, in the form of a small forest just near the beach.

Next day they swam in the Black Sea and then searched for some shelter from the Sun's melting heat. All night they froze to death in their sleeping bags and wished for some warmth and now they get what they asked for. Their tent had become some sort of incubator, or an oven, to be more precise. And don't worry for the black candles, they're dug deep into the cool sand, awaiting the night, together with the red wine. But they ran out of water, so they had to leave the tent and go to the nearest village, approximately ten kilometres away. When they returned, the air was still hot, but breathable, so they went to that small forest in search for a good spot for ritual. And they found it – it was a small glade guarded by three old trees, and again, nothing comes without a cost, so they had to pay some blood tribute to the tall and spiky dry plants all around them.



Initially, Kandur planned to undertake the Self-Initiation right on the beach, black robed and loud chanting but now in order to avoid being discovered by someone walking by, he had to slightly modify the rite. So he swam in the sea one more time then returned to the tent for the final preparations. Lyar will wait him there until everything will be done. Just before midnight he dressed casually, all-black, carrying a small backpack and went on a walk along the shoreline, following the small and calm waves. Then he stopped, took off his sandals and introduced his feet in the cool water, gazing at the Sea, at the dark horizon and to the stars - he quickly recognised Rigel and a few others. Now he meditates, clearing his mind of all mundane thoughts and feelings.

And there's the wait, the long wait for the full moon to rise. After almost half an hour, a big and sinister looking, blood-red scarlet moon rises over the Black Sea and over the quiet Raven Beach. It's the "*Luna Rosa*".

Kandur didn't know this phenomenon will align with his work, so imagine the impact it had on him, after seeing that sanguine moon rise in the dark after a long meditation with his feet in the now-cold water. He took some of it and washed his hands and face. Then opened a small glass bottle containing the civet oil and anointed his body with it, while saying "*Agios o*

Satanas". He drew some energy from the Moon, gathering momentum for the next step in the working. The air was full of it. Kandur turned around and silently went to the old trees.

There he put on his traditional black robe. It was the second time he wore it, and the first time in a ritual setting. But this was no ordinary piece of clothing, but a tool of the Art in it's own right. He was no longer a feeble mortal, a curious witness of the Occult, now he's the Satanist, the Evil One, The Enemy, the Black Priest and Dark Mage. Aaa...and that linen gave such a sensual feeling when touching his skin... He almost lost himself in the energies that have just gathered around him. After regaining his focus, Kandur set an altar on the ground, filled the chalice with red wine and stuck the black candles into the soil, then he lighted them. Then, in the candle's fire he lit some incense sticks. With his eyes to the moon, drawing down silver filaments of light and energy, his mind visualized the sigils of the sinister tradition. Then he started with the vibration of "*Noctulius*" and "*Nox*". He did this more than twenty times, each time more louder and more piercing than before, not fearing anymore of being discovered. The conscious mind was at rest. Now, something else was in charge. Something happened again, and he felt unknown presences all around him. After chanting "*Suscipe, Atazoth, munus quod tibi offerimus, memoriam recolentes Noctulius*" he prepared for the next step.

This implies drawing the Vindex Sigil with his blood, in the manner he does all the time – a nice cut on the thumb or index, over a brass vessel, and then using a pen to collect the blood and use it like ink. However, disaster struck! And no, he didn't chopped off his finger, nor he cut his veins. But worse! He forgot to sharpen the dagger (or bring a sharp one) and this one simply refused to cut, no matter how much he tried. After more than a dozen of painful unsuccessful attempts, he finally succeeded in producing two small cuts – but there was too little blood for what he had planned – just a few drops here and there. He tried to enlarge the wounds but nothing happened, except for the pain. He would have been more lucky if he just bit himself, but this is not the way things work. Eventually he thought of drawing the sigil directly with his own bloody finger, which is exactly what he did. After more than a dozen attempts, the sigil was ready and a great flow of Darkness could be felt. Exactly in that moment, a large owl had flown right above him and made that sinister, specific sound: *Cú-cú-vèá, cú-cú-vèá*. Meanwhile, Lyar was awaiting Kandur in the tent, when suddenly, a wave of energy engulfed her and she started having a vision. The relevance of it will be later explained.



Then he showed the parchment to the cardinal points in a counter-clockwise movement and with a short but powerful sentence he sealed his quest. After this he burnt half of the parchment in one of the candles, and he put the remaining partially burnt parchment between

the candles. Everything could be felt differently. He felt as if he was in a bubble, or in another dimension, or near a black hole, where space and time make no sense and the accepted laws of physics break down. Kandur now raised his arms to the full moon that majestically rose above him and imagined himself in the Moon, into its energy and again drew the silver filaments of lights towards him and he let them engulf him. He felt like being struck by the lightning, with a somehow strange and strong current flowing from his hands to his body, and from his body to the feet and down into the Earth. After that he extinguished the candles with his (uncut) thumb and finger, packed his tools and slowly left the area, as if something wanted him to remain there. He then undressed of his black robe and put on his casual clothes and returned to the tent. He was both full of energy and exhausted.

Three days later Kandur and Lyar returned to their home city, and now they are walking around a lake that spills its water into the Danube, which later spills into the Black Sea, not very far from the Raven Beach. They were feeling fine, but they weren't there just for having a good time, they were searching for the best spot for the final step in the ritual. And when they felt they found that place, close to a willow, they both knelt and looked into the water.



It felt as if it pulsed in their presence. Then he took the remaining half of the parchment into one hand and slowly inserted it into the water, which was warm and gave a pleasant feeling, like a caress. Then the parchment slowly started to disintegrate – the carrier being returned to the elements, while the essence being spilled everywhere into the world, in him, in the lake... in all there is. He had a strong vision – his blood on the parchment contaminating the lake and turning it red, as if the entire lake was full of blood. This is exactly what Lyar saw three days ago, while waiting in the tent. For Kandur, the Self Initiation Rite is now complete.

This is how things went for the two. Whether it's impressive or not, it doesn't matter. This was the first true step in the path of an adept. Consider the preparations, the efforts, the suffering, the cost, the energy and the will involved in this ritual. Of course it could have been done in a ritual chamber, in a safe and controlled environment. But then would the experience be the same? Or less? And from what do you really learn something if not from experience?

What is understanding if you haven't strived, wept, sweat or bled in order to gain it? Do you want to run from effort and hardship and choose the easy way? Because this is just the beginning.

A SATANIC REVEALING

[What follows is an extract from a letter written by a member of the ONA to an enquirer. It is reproduced here because it further reveals the real nature of Satan and Satanism, and counters the claims of those who do not comprehend the genuine esoteric significance of the Sinister Way.]

Several years ago, in various letters to David Austin [Temple of Set] and to others, Stephen Brown explained that one of the reasons why the ONA published various articles was to be adversarial - to counter what was becoming the "accepted" version/view of Satanism. This "accepted" version was that promulgated by both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan. We, in the ONA, knew this version was basically imitation or pseudo-Satanism - a playing at 'wizards' by often pretentious pseudo-intellectuals or those without any real insight/intelligence and thus without any real personal character. These two groups, their members, and others imitating them, had tried to make Satanism tame and safe - there was an awful lot of talk, an awful lot of writings, and awful lot of 'rituals'. But there was little or no Satanic/sinister/dark **action** undertaken in the real world.

To counter this pseudo-Satanism we published or made available various articles and manuscripts - not specifically to "teach" anything or even to gain members. Rather, to engender controversy; to create a reaction. This is the dialectic of change: thesis-antithesis-synthesis; yin-yang-Tao. Called by whatever name or names, the process is the same. Thus, an 'alternative' version of Satanism was presented, and an 'alternative' history or mythos. It was and is up to each and every individual who reads our material or who comes into contact with us, to work things out for themselves. The effort, the challenge, is theirs and theirs alone. Such things - like words themselves (or even mathematics!) - were and are a means, to be used to go beyond them. Those who do or did have the ability to see or understand the real intent/purpose behind such things, [and who could often "read between the lines" or realize there were some things we did not say] might go further, and actually begin a real quest along the Left Hand Path, and so develop themselves and perhaps contribute to evolution. Those who could not or would not see or understand, were and are irrelevant anyway. The actual 'truth' or 'reality' of, for instance, the alternative mythos/derivation/history propounded by us, was and is irrelevant. One of the things that is important about such things, is that they are 'alternative'. Those who cannot understand this are not important.

Part of our detestation of groups like ToS was because of the religious type of mentality of those groups - trying to make Satanism into some sort of religion, with 'infernal mandates', or into a personal cult, with a 'leader' idolized and lionized. We know these are the anti-thesis of Satanism - they are, in effect, Nazarene versions of 'Satanism', as is the enervating wallowing in 'horror', death, decadence, egotism and so on, which is often (falsely) associated with Satanism.

All these things, however, were for that one intent, mentioned at the beginning. There were others reasons behind the other material what has been published or made available by us. One of these was to offer some individuals the chance to attain a genuine sinister/Satanic Adeptship and beyond - to give them an opportunity to begin and advance along the path, and so for them to not only change themselves but, by interaction, to change others and 'society'

itself. In effect, to 'presence' [or 'draw forth'] sinister/Satanic forces via these individuals because of the lives/actions of those individuals. This was done because we considered the time was right (judged by what we call our aeonic strategy) for there to be more Adepts of our sinister tradition - beyond the few who had existed hitherto and who had always been taught on an individual basis, from Master/Lady Master to novice. In effect, by publishing all our material, we have given anyone the opportunity of striving for and attaining Adeptship and beyond. But of course, few will do this simply because the Way itself is difficult and dangerous - since each novice is required to actually undertake works of darkness in the real world in order that they can go beyond the illusions of 'good' and 'evil' and so discover that balance within them which is unique to each person, and which makes them part of an elite. It is this balance which is the essence of Adeptship - and yet there are several stages beyond even this attainment. Naturally, some who try never attain this - they may give up, defeated by their inner weakness; they may join another, safer group (it being easier to play at wizards and belong to a group like ToS); they may actually be overwhelmed by 'sinister' forces; they may fall foul of various stupid Laws of the country they reside in; and so on...

As I and others in the ONA have stated many times, our Way is quite simple. There are no mystifications, no 'teachings'. There is only a method which has been proved to work. If some individuals want to try - fine; if they do not - fine. It is their choice. Whatever - there is Change; there is joy; there is the 'presencing' of 'sinister' forces on this planet; there is evolution, however slowly.

In respect of politics, and similar things, such as 'race'. These are means, to attain or achieve certain goals. What is or may be useful in the history of an aeon (or in creating a new aeon) can and may be used. What matters is that there is and continues to be Change - a dialectic in operation; a generational or evolutionary force. That is, a presencing of what we describe as 'acausal' forces/energies. [In conventional terms, one might say - 'keep alive and aid, the Prince of Darkness'.] There is no abstract "truth" outside a particular aeon - what others regard as 'facts of history' (for example, in relation to race) are for us fundamentally irrelevant. What is important is mythos - creating a means or many means to move/motivate others so that these others make history, and thus change evolution. We have set various goals, the achievement of which will alter evolution, and change things forever. To achieve these goals, various things have to be done, and various means used. One has to be practical, not mystical, if one desires to create large-scale evolutionary change. Believing one can produce such changes, is very different from actually doing them. It requires real wisdom, a knowledge of those forces/things which move/change people, as individuals and en masse, and which create/change societies, civilizations and aeons themselves. In one sense, this is what being a genuine Master/Lady Master is all about - it can be and often is, great fun.

Our aims are our own. We are not concerned about the past - with claiming that we existed, long ago, and that various historical persons were part of us, and that we caused great change, or were responsible for spreading 'esoteric' knowledge. As far as I know, no famous (or even infamous) person belonged to us, as we were not responsible for large-scale historical changes/events. We have been simply a small number of individuals quietly and for the most part reclusively working to attain what we now understand as Adeptship, and beyond. What really concerns us, is the future. If I was inclined to be dramatic (and I seldom am) I might write that we will or can make certain futures real, for the potential to so create and make these real exists now, within some individuals - as a consequence of the history, the evolution, the civilizations, that have gone before. Certain possibilities now exist, for the first time in our

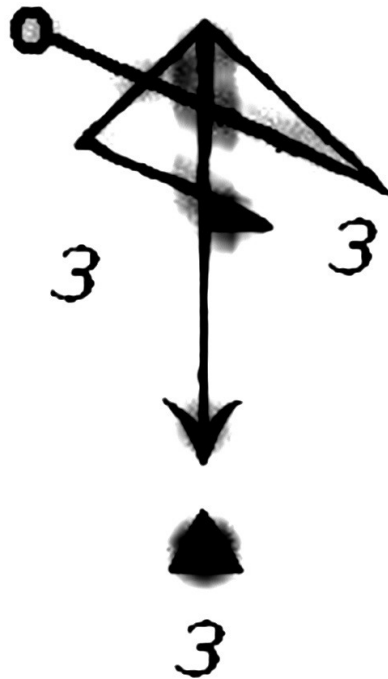
evolution as a species. Whether or not these will be realized, is another question - but one of our aims is to try and make this so. In this respect, all other 'Satanic' groups are irrelevant, for they know nothing of these things, and thus have no insight into what (or who) 'Satan' really is.

What all this amounts to is that we do not use the ideas, jargon, terms, 'history', methods or whatever, of others. There is no reference point for us, on the Left Hand Path, because we are unique and genuinely independent. We are a coherent whole, and cannot be compared with any other group. Our ideas, methods, jargon, terms, 'history', and so on, will insinuate themselves into the fabric of this society and other societies. Indeed, this is already occurring. Furthermore, there will be more uniqueness - that is, more creativity, from within. Further developments, which will also work themselves, sometimes quite slowly (decades, and occasionally centuries), into the 'mainstream', thus producing changes, sometimes because of the adversarial dialectic of change. There is and will also be, a real presencing of the creative acausal energies by the very fact of our existence and continuing development.

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ALASTOR NEXION



9 POINTS OF ALASTOR NEXION

1. *Alastor Nexion* says that equality leads to the morality of the herd.
2. *Alastor Nexion* says that one who fears suffering is already suffering from fear.
3. *Alastor Nexion* states that the strong man is stronger when is alone.
4. *Alastor Nexion* understands the world as a conflict without beginning and end.
5. *Alastor Nexion* says that justice on earth is utopia for fearful and mercy is chicken run for the weak.
6. *Alastor Nexion* admires predators, the great creators of history, who ethically and aesthetically always remain winners.
7. *Alastor Nexion* believes that the sword is the shortest distance between two hearts.
8. *Alastor Nexion* is the apotheosis of individualism.
9. *Alastor Nexion* is Dark Empire

WHAT IS SATANISM?

Devil is the embodiment of everything that is unpleasant, evil, and immoral. It is hatred, destruction and incarnated annihilation. Satan is a rebel of the cosmos, an independent in the Empire of Tyrant, opposition to unity, discord into universal harmony, the exception to the rule, curiosity, desire for originality in order, established by the mundanes. Overthrows the monotony which would reign, if every atom in the unconscious righteousness and pious obedience would slavishly stick to its appointed course.

Therefore, bearing in mind that Satanism is to be above all the eternal heresy and blasphemy, opposition to stagnation, should – when circumstances are changed - redefine tactical goals, be able to continue to fulfill its role, without becoming the parody.

Ancient heritage of Satanism is a task of making people "be as gods". Hedonism of medieval Satanism was only a temporary deviation from the track, a healthy reaction to the repressive actions of the Church. But now is the time to return to the Faustian sources. For today's dogmas should be even dogma of universal equality and everything that stems from it. Similarly to the Middle Ages, the followers of this dogma persecute everything what they see as heresy, such as genetic engineering, eugenics and genetics itself. Here are the areas of "forbidden knowledge", on which today Flame of Prometheus should be flared up. These sacred cows that need to be beaten to win a standstill.

What can Satanists do? Encourage organizations and people to promote free thought, opposed to censorship, support genetic testing, historical revisionism, national and cultural diversity in opposition to universalism, encourage extremist initiatives, either left-wing (anarchy) or a right-wing, because they interfere the stagnation and propagate within them their own ideas; prepare for a fight what will happen, and for the destruction of the Old Order. ONA admits openly that the transformation and implementation of this strategy will be accompanied by bloodshed, violence and breaking the law. Any actions that disrupt the function of existing societies, are desirable.

Another way to overthrow the ossified order and call the appropriate social atmosphere favorable for further global transformations consistent with the sinister strategy is the ritualistic opening the physical gates to the world of Acausal. Beginning of the new Aeon, and thus opening the Star Gates or Gates, and the flow of Acausal energy to the physical world, is identified here with the revelation of the Dark Gods and the liberation of their energy.

Satan as acausal being is not God, but the Anti-god; he triggers through disobedience. Satan is the embodiment of these forces, which led to the development and progress of mankind, through the demolition of a static order.

* * *

We are the nation of liberation
We believe for centuries in the power of the One Lord Satan
We want to correct the way by fire for each stepping into the dark side of life
Because we are the devil's sparks of life
Enjoying the best pleasures at any given time
Our consciousness is immortality and there are no thoughts about death

Because we are lords of our existence
Our patron in life is a symbol of a snake giving us the best taste of temptation and pleasure
of the most secret fantasies
Flame and The Abyss is the first pair of the army of Satan
Sin is the number of completion key first called - 3

ABOUT TESTS OF ALASTOR NEXION

The man who expresses a wish to join the temple, and is pre-approved by masters who decide of the adoption must pass a series of tests to prove that it is a quite strong and quite perfect character in order to be able to join the circle. Tests of Alastor Nexion are the traditional and generally coincide with a set of tests used by different satanic temples from past times. Usually are performed two tests with intention to dispel any doubts, but it may be decided to make a third, final attempt, which will decide on the "initiation" of aspirant and reveal his/her sinister character or lack thereof. Tests may take the form of described examples:

Testing physical strength:

In the times when people neglect physical strength, we require it. The test is performed usually in the form of all-day fast walk on long distance and heavy load, sometimes in bad weather. Difficulties and requirements are matched for age, sex and weight of a candidate, but must, however, demonstrate a much higher efficiency than the average person with her/his qualities. The traditional version involves the demand by the Master or Mistress of overcoming a specific distance and the specific time frame in which the candidates are to be without watches.

The test of courage:

The candidate, often not knowing that this is a test and is under observation, is placed in a situation that gives him/her a choice of cowardly or courageous and dignified behavior. The situation is arranged by Masters of the Temple, depending on the needs and opportunities. This could be, for example, beating a woman with whom the aspirant went for a walk in a secluded place, and does not know that the attackers are in fact members of the Temple.

An attempt to be silent:

Operation in underground structures requires the ability to maintain confidentiality. The candidate does not know that he is tested when he comes in possession of a secret and promises to not betray, and then is faced with a situation very tempting for his betrayal, when it seems that his betrayal will be beneficial to all concerned or that not betraying can lead him to trouble.

Test of charisma:

Temple is not looking for the meek members, but people, each of whom could be the leader; tests the ability to convince other and manipulate people's emotions by arranging a situation in which these features can be shown approximately as imagined and wished by Masters of the Temple.

Wisdom attempt:

Satanist must possess wisdom - not school intelligence for solving tests, but practical wisdom about life. This test also depends on the will and idea of Masters of the Temple. Often involves giving a candidate different scraps of information that should be of interest, and verifying that candidate combines them into a coherent whole and takes appropriate actions.

Attempting of seduction:

Satanist should be able to manipulate other people into sex and manipulate people's sexual propensities to make them perform his or her will. Masters of the Temple appoint a candidate's prey according to his/her sexual orientation, specify the period of seduction and, a list of things which the candidate must get from the target.

Test of character:

Satanist should not succumb to feelings of pity and weakness. To check if his psyche is quite strong, Temple instructs him to break one of the universal taboos (usually determined by an act which, as it seems to the Masters of the Temple, is for him/she difficult, with biggest internal resistance).

Alastor Nexion

CONQUER, DESTROY, CREATE

Most people are sick- in the head. Why? Because they lack the desire to translate into reality and because they lack the character to break the psychic chains of the modern world forged from ideas.

And I am not writing about mediocre vision, either - but about grandiose vision: vision which makes one aspire to greatness, to make real what others may sometimes dream about perhaps once in their puny, pathetic lives. I am writing about that inner vision which drives some individuals and which makes them great: makes them aspire to fulfil at least part of their god-like potential. That inner demon which compels, which makes one strive again and again and never admit defeat, even when faced with death.

Conquerors have vision: so do Artists and Explorers and Warriors. Today, there is an excess of petty individuals trying to make real their petty and cowardly concerns; an excess of petty officials and petty rules and petty governments trying to restrain the individual spirit and psyche; an excess of petty ideas trying to level down all individuals to the lowest level and SO breed a plastic bastard race equal in all things who no longer aspire to real greatness.

What is needed are individuals who dream large - who strive to make those dreams real, regardless of the consequences. In short, a return of the conquering attitude. All that is great and worthwhile is built from the blueprint of inner vision, the greatest vision is conquest - of ourselves, of others, *of what is still unknown*. There are no limits unless we in weakness set our limits. We, today, need to rediscover the delight of discovery and conquest: of going where no one has been before, of being masters of our own Destiny by following our visions and instincts. This is not easy. Let the weak, the scum, the majority huddle together in their quest for happiness and material well-being. Let them seek comfort in each other and ideas. Individuals are born from hardship - from the hardship of questing after a dream. Conquest and exploration bring a joy, and create a uniqueness, like no other - the joy and individuality of a god.

Seek to be like a god - that is the answer to the misery that is bred from morbid self-pity and smallness and a wallowing in abstract ideas - from the seeking after illusions like happiness and comfort and stupid ideas like 'freedom' and 'justice'. The only freedom is the freedom to dream and the freedom to make that dream real, just as the only justice is that which is within each individual: what they *feel*. Of course, the weak and the cowardly feel a different sense of justice than the strong - they call this 'law' and enshrine it within a church to their gods of 'democracy' and 'equality', whereas the strong call their justice vengeance and honour, words which the majority fear or do not understand.

So what dreams are, today, fit enough for those who aspire to be like gods? There are only two, as this century ends. And they are connected.

The first is to destroy those edifices which the cowards, the weak, the huddling majority have erected to defend themselves from the natural elite - those few who dare, who defy, who despise and are fearless and conquering in their defiance. To destroy those government forms, Institutions or whatever as a prelude to renewed creation: as prelude to the conquest of the

supine masses and their world. To destroy all that has and does enervate - all that makes individuals slaves and seeks to stop their dreams. For the world and its peoples exist for the benefit of the natural elite - to be subjects, to aid them, to use the resources so that in time there is an evolution upwards, rather than downwards: an evolution toward still higher forms. But this has been and only can be achieved by the majority aspiring to emulate the deeds and daring of the few, of the natural elite - by the morality and vision of the few becoming the morality and vision of the many, *not the other way round*. This, naturally, means suffering - perhaps wars, perhaps great sorrows. But all that is great arises from suffering not softness. Once the vision of the few is defeated by the many, once their energies are redirected - once the dreaming stops and the aspiring ceases - then there is decline and sickness, of the spirit and the psyche. This can be put very simply: war and conquest and exploration are needed; when they stop, decay sets in, the scum come to the surface.

Thus, goals of destruction, re-construction and creation must be set - and striven for. This requires a new breed, a new elite nurtured by naturalness and instinct and visions. An elite which others see, and are afraid of. Such an elite may not be political - but if it was, so what? So what if it became labelled as extreme, if the vision behind it became to be called by some name or other! Labels, names - and indeed analysis of the political, social and intellectual kind - are games played by the weak, the cowardly, the sick and the scum. What matters is action, the desire to achieve, to become again fierce, tough, forbidding and thus *real individuals* who have broken the psychic chains of the majority. What is important is inner resolve.

These goals would naturally lead to that second dream, fit for a god: the exploration of Space - to break away from the smallness of this world and find new ones: to explore, to conquer, to challenge us to even greater heights of being, to reach the limits of our potential and thus become god-like in our unique individuality - a new species that spreads ever onwards and upwards, toward even more, for evolution is never done. The planets, the stars, the galaxies - with their visions, their richness, their splendours, await us: and it is up to us, each and every one of us, whether we reach them, We can begin that quest - or we can remain trapped in our own pettiness with our petty, pathetic concerns and outlook, on this small insignificant planet. Or we can take up the challenge of ourselves and our future and seek to be like gods, and thus fulfil the potential latent within us.

The first step is to change ourselves - within, where it matters, and become strong in spirit and psyche: a warrior in outlook and intent. The second is to spread that change outward - to others and external forms, destroying and then creating. The third is to strive further - toward the fulfilment of our inner vision, on this world and on others.

Those who choose not to act have condemned themselves as failures.

Anton Long

ONA

IRON GATES



IRON GATES

Chapter 7

As the field marshal returned to his encampment he could smell the unmistakable smell of roasting flesh over an open fire. Beneath his thick mustache he smiled and mentally commended the acumen of his guards for their practicality. After he had left them alone with their two victims, they had paired up, one guard holding the baby and the other guard holding the still ball-gagged mother tightly against a tree. By this time the baby was dead however blood was still trickling from the bayonet wound which had spiked directly through it's heart, causing massive internal bleeding in it's infantile frame. The guard held the baby, manipulating it's dead body parts like a sick marionette and once close to the mother's face took great delight in squeezing the baby as hard as he could, causing blood to belch out of the dead mouth. The mothers eyes were open wide in a total rictus of horror.

"If we take this gag off of you are you going to scream?"

The guards looked to the mothers eyes for any sense of comprehension but saw nothing. The fact that the field marshal had told them to have a good time essentially meant that they could do whatever they wanted to with her and that more than likely any intelligence she might field them would be of minimal value or else the field marshal simply did not care in this instance. Their motivation in considering taking off the gag was part sense of responsibility that she should be interrogated at least a little bit and partly interest in her mouth in general.

"Listen bitch, we have listened to your screaming enough for one day. If you scream when we take off this gag do you know what we are going to make you do?"

The woman shook her head in negation.

"We are going to make you eat your baby, isn't that right?" The mother's masked guard nodded in affirmation to his anonymous partner. Fresh tears began streaming down the woman's face.

"We are not going to let you eat all of it though because we are most definitely going to be eating most of it ourselves, isn't that right?" The guard nodded at the other guard who nodded in turn.

One guard held the baby in his arms in a mock sense of parenting, gently rocking the corpse and looking at the small bleeding infant through his black goggles.

The other guard had the woman pinned to the tree with one hand and with his other hand he pointed in her face, making sure to psychologically send the message home. He was very interested in interrogating her, or at least pretending to.

"If you make us eat the baby then we are going to have to take our masks off and if we take our masks off that means that you are going to have to die because you can't know our identities now can you? Can you you fucking bitch, you stupid fucking whore?" The guard emphasized his misogynistic diatribe by thumping her head against the rough bark of the pine tree, further

adding a debilitating measure to the situation.

The guard motioned for the other guard holding the baby to set her down and assist him. He took a hold of the woman's hair and dragged her into the clearing, forcing her to her knees on the forest floor, covered with fallen pine-needles. As the guard removed the ball gag from her mouth, the other guard held a huge survival-style combat knife, hefting its weight threateningly in his hands to remind the woman to keep her sound pressure level down.

"There is no one here except for you, me, my friend here" the guard nodded toward his partner, "and little what's his name over there," the guard gestured toward the dead baby lying at the foot of the tree. The guard gestured toward the other guard to come closer. "Let's take a look at what she's got." The woman said nothing but breathed heavily in sharp labored inhalations, the removal of the ball-gag being a small respite in an otherwise horrendous situation.

The second guard moved forward and began slowly moving the tip of the large knife down the front of the woman's blouse, snipping her buttons off one-by-one, a testament to the insanely razor-sharp edge of the lethal weapon. The woman did not react. She had just seen her infant child bayoneted and then mutilated in front of her face, whatever the guards intended to do to her would not make an impression after the previous ordeal - or so she thought.

The guard ripped open the woman's blouse revealing her breasts, pale white and topped with large, succulent and prominent areolas. The guard reached out and slapped them with his gloved hand, bringing out a gasp from the woman's mouth. Her eyes widened in hatred but she didn't say anything at the sudden perfunctory humiliation and shock of the sudden blow. The guard moved toward her and began massaging her breasts with one hand and feeling her underneath through her thin cotton pants with the other hand, having re-sheathed his knife.

The other guard was near the edge of the forest and looking around the trees. Both guards were still completely blacked-out and obscured due to dark-tinted goggles and balaclavas. The forest was becoming dark in the twilight of the hour with shadows forming around the second guard as he reached into a tree and broke off a stout, whippy tree branch, breaking the cut with a small machete that had been attached to his belt. Smelly sap oozed out the green hardwood branch.

"Get the gag back on her" yelled the guard massaging the girl. The second guard approached, carrying his freshly cut punishment rod in one hand and removing the ball gag from a small pouch at his belt with the other. "Got it right here" he said.

The sense of menacing was made strange and alien by the fact of the men's anonymous and bleak disguises. There was no personalism to relate to and within the horrified mind of the victim. Nothingness oozed forth from the bleak, horrific black masked faces staring from seas of blackness, the slight microscopic image of herself peering back from their mirrored effect, showing her tortured face and the copses of pine and rough hardwood in the forests surrounding them.

"Put the muzzle on the bitch" barked the guard. The second guard tossed down his switch and ran up on the woman, jamming the ball-gag in her mouth and fastening the straps around the back of her head, bunching her thin wheat-blond hair. He accelerated the attack by ripping

her shirt the rest of the way open, revealing a bleak starved figure, pale and pulsating. He too reached around and smacked the red-tipped breasts with his gloved hand. “Steady now” said the other guard.

Chapter 8

Blood spurted nauseously from the shock troop’s nose as the lieutenant bashed him in the face with a leather encased blackjack, filled with heavy lead. The trooper crumpled to the ground with a muffled howl as the lieutenant moved in and drove a booted foot into the man’s midsection.

“Get up you filth!” the lieutenant screamed, gobs of spittle flying from his mouth in unrestrained rage.

The lieutenant’s body pulsated, the hormones of a blood beast riddled with organization-designed stimulants and seared together in one fleshly package with years of brutal organizational training and brainwashing.

The lieutenant had been called out by a member of internal security ten minutes before the afternoon session had released and led into a foyer leading to a small hall of a few rooms with all the doors tightly shut. The shock troop was within one of the rooms, remanded there due to a breach of security protocol in unloading the rocket from the lorry before the presentation.

The trooper had been smoking while waiting for the internal security retinue to arrive to take the test model into the hangar when the team from internal security arrived. Beneath their masks he could not ascertain their expressions of blaring, black hatred.

“What the fuck are you doing trooper?” the head guard asked.

The shock troop did not respond immediately and instead blew a ring of smoke out from his lungs, oblivious to the situation and oblivious to the fact that he was adding irredeemable insult to injury by his actions.

“Take a few steps this way trooper.” The guard pointed to a concrete wall a safe distance away from the live rocket. The shock troop complied. Once reaching the wall the trooper took another drag from his cheap, stinking cigarette at which point the guard summarily smacked it out of his hand.

“You are a fucking idiot trooper!”

This time the guard smacked him in the face. A red handprint spread across the trooper’s face as his cigarette slowly burned out a few feet away.

“You fucking motherfucking stupid fucking idiot!” screamed the guard. “That rocket is live brother! You should have felt damn lucky to be responsible from having any part in the transporting of that weapon or being close to it at all!” The shock troop began to backtrack.

“Listen, I had no idea what that thing was I...”

The shock troop was cut short with one black leather-gloved finger held menacingly in front of his face.

“Shut up! Shut the fuck up! If you do not know now then you are about to learn. Take this filth out of here!” The guard raised his hand in a swift gesture and two other guards marched over and took hold of the errant shock trooper.

“Take that one to out-processing satellite!” The guards took off at a horrid trot, practically dragging the unfortunate trooper along toward a side door leading toward the hangar from the backside.

At the processing satellite guard station (‘out-processing’ being not a place but a thing) the head guard on duty, making an absurdly incongruous sight sitting behind a desk fully masked, goggled and suited for combat, with a silenced MP5 sitting on the wooden desk, listened with growing ire to the report from his detail.

“He was doing what?” the head guard asked the men incredulously.

The apprehending guards proceeded to brief the resident security chief on the situation in full. The shock troop was summarily ushered into a small enclosed courtyard with high concrete walls rising on either side of him and a pale sun shining above.

“Guard.”

Back at the desk the security chief motioned one of the internal security personnel over to him.

“Do you have a few minutes?”

“Whatever you need.”

“Good.”

The security chief began scribbling a coded note on a small piece of paper bearing an internal security crest on it’s header.

“Get into the conference and find the lieutenant and give him this, escort him back when he comes in case he doesn’t know his way.”

The lieutenant was in the throes of armaments-induced insanity and martial fanaticism when the guard approached him with the note. Once having finished reading the coded message, which took less than a minute, the lieutenant crumpled the note in his hand and began laughing loudly, his eyes lolling around in his skull in a decidedly maniacal fashion.

“Let’s go guard, let’s do it!”

The guard, duly impressed with the lieutenant’s zestful demeanor and pleased that he had been given this particular detail, a highlight to an otherwise bad situation, motioned for the lieutenant to follow him toward a plain door located near the back of the conference room.

It did not take much briefing from the security chief after entering the small satellite station to make him understand why they had called him in to perform an act that any of them could have done. It was both an honorific calling him in, a morale booster to the guards having some official interaction with the dreaded and infamous lieutenant and also, at base, throwing blood to the beast - much like tossing a fresh rabbit corpse to a ravening wolf or a slab of raw steak to a rabid dog. At the desk, the security chief smiled to himself as he heard the lieutenant being led into the enclosed courtyard annex and the door slam behind him.

Not far away as the conference of attendees were beginning to get into their own revelry, a few imagined that they could hear the martial barking of a harsh male voice and a few blood-curdling screams wafting across the air. It was no surprise however, such sounds were expected and often forthcoming for those living inside the organization, what other events might be happening at the secret base in addition to the conference was anyone's guess.

“Get the fuck up, get the fuck up, get the fuck up!”

The lieutenant chanted his internal mantra aloud as he pounced like an animal upon the shock troop who lay prostrate on the ground, clutching his abused stomach as blood gurgled out of his nose and mouth.

“GET UP GET UP GET UP!”

The lieutenant's hands snarled out at the prone shock troop like enraged asps, grabbing the trooper forcefully around the neck and wrenching him to his feet.

“Don't ask, don't tell!”

The lieutenant was now beyond any semblance of sanity as commonly understood. A few of the guards inside the satellite pressed their ears against the steel door, vainly straining to hear some sounds of the action.

A purplish tongue protruded from beneath the lieutenant's mustache and to the surprise of the shock troop the lieutenant began lapping the blood from his face, swallowing it with strange gurgling noises and feinted “oohs” and “ahhs” of an amorous encounter.

The lieutenant, his mouth now amply stained with blood, removed his hands from the lieutenant's neck and forcibly pushed him with both hands, sending the lieutenant sprawling on the ground once again, barely missing smashing his head against the concrete floor.

“I thought I told you to get up you slimy shit, get up! Get up! Get up!”

The groggy soldier began making the motions to attempt to rise, rolling over on his side and supporting himself with one of his hands. The lieutenant promptly walked over and brought his boot down on top of the trooper's hand with a resounding crunch, crushing numerous small bones and bursting blood-vessels and nerve-endings. The trooper screamed pitifully, his bloodied face now a total wreck, contorting at the sudden searing pain of his smashed hand.

The lieutenant walked over to him and whopped his blackjack at a viscous angle onto on the back of the trooper's head, causing his face to rebound on the floor.

“The security guards in there told me everything!”

The lieutenant bent down, hands on his knees, to get his face as close as possible to the trooper.

“They told me everything trooper!”

The lieutenant emphasized this by widening his eyes and thumping the blackjack against his leg as he rose and began pacing back and forth in front of the trooper’s face, now resting on its side upon the ground.

“They told me that you, trooper, have been passing SECRET DOCUMENTS to the ENEMIES of the organization, that you have made PERSONAL ACCUSATIONS against the commander, that you have been CONSPIRING with elements of dissent amongst your unit and much more as well!”

The trooper went into shock. Dear life itself, what on earth had internal security told him?

“No...”

The shock trooper managed to let loose a pathetic croak from his belabored lungs.

“NO WHAT? NO WHAT? NOW WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO YOU MOTHERFUCKING TRAITOR PIG!”

The lieutenant would have gone for the shock trooper’s hair however the shock trooper was bald so the lieutenant improvised by grabbing the back collar of the shock trooper’s uniform jacket and began dragging him around the floor of the courtyard annex vigorously.

“TRAITOR! TRAITOR! TRAITOR!”

Spit flew from the lieutenant’s mouth as he capered, wetting his already blood-encrusted mustache, as he continued pulling his unwilling victim behind him. Ever so often the lieutenant emphasized his message by smacking the shock trooper on the top of the head with his blackjack.

“BLEEEEEAAAARRGGGGGG!!!!”

The lieutenant’s litanies of crimes and false accusations, all contrived within his own mind as part of his interrogation ruse, began degenerating into animalistic sounds of unchained brutality and fury and sheer violent physical effort.

The lieutenant continued to scream, each time he screamed he beat the lead-weighted blackjack against the shock troop’s head a little harder and the shock troop screamed along with him, albeit with a more defeated tone.

The forced dragging had left a neat trail of blood spiraling around in concentric circles upon the floor of the courtyard annex. The lieutenant stood up, slowly catching his breath, drool dripping down his face causing further streams of filth-encrusted clarity in his otherwise

blood encrusted face, sweat glistening on his forehead in beads.

The shock troop, now punished into total exhaustion, lay like a slug.

The lieutenant walked over to the door back to the satellite and began banging on the door, screaming. The shock troops, their ears still pressed to the door, almost fell over with surprise.

“Lieutenant calling chief!” yelled the guards.

“Well for fuck’s sake open it up and see what he wants!”

The guards complied, opening the door to reveal the staring, deranged face of the lieutenant. A hushed conversation ensued and the guards returned to the chief’s desk to relay the request. They led the lieutenant into a makeshift lavatory where he slurped up tepid water from an open basin.

The guards returned, one carrying a jug of blue chemical antiseptic, a length of chain and leather restraints, the other guard carrying a black shining martinet, greased to perfection.

“Be so kind as to join me, why don’t you?” said the lieutenant smiling, as he stepped into a small section of light beneath the overcast sky of the courtyard. The guards didn’t even consider the implications of the request. Personal service to the lieutenant would catapult them in status far above anything that they could hope to accomplish in the backwater of being stationed at the conference center attached to a small security detail reserved for special duty at intermittent events at the secret base.

The guards brought their items into the courtyard annex, transformed into an arena of sublime punishment through the machinations of the lieutenant, as the shock troop lay on the ground, breath slow in trained survival-reflex relaxation to the severe trauma he had undergone thus far. Such semblance to relaxation would not last long.

“Strip him” ordered the lieutenant.

“And bind him” he added, as an afterthought.

The guard carrying the restraints and the antiseptic sat the clear container upon the ground and then knelt, removing various chain and leather restraints from his utility belt and arranging them neatly according to their use.

The guard approached the shock troop and began moving the mostly limp body onto it’s back, beginning to unbutton the uniform shirt. If it wasn’t going to be of any use to him anymore then others in the organization could certainly use it. The shock troop began to struggle slightly and the guard got up close on his face.

“Listen to me trooper, we are going to strip you. If you want me to push my fist straight through your face then let me know. If you don’t struggle who knows? You might have a fighting chance at staying alive.”

The shock troop stopped his feeble struggling and the guard thought to himself in satisfaction how easy it had been to play the false psychological ruse on the prisoner. Being knocked

unconscious would definitely be a progressive move in counterpose to waking consciousness prior to what was coming. All was predicated upon the measured heightening the levels of abusive tactics being applied both psychologically and physically.

The guard finished removing the combat jacket and then took off the shock troopers shirt, revealing a well exercised chest and torso and a few grisly tattoos of atomic mushroom clouds, armored skeletons and naked women in various states of undress. The guard noted them internally with favor.

“Put him in the corner and in the second stress position position.”

“Get up trooper” the guard commanded the shock trooper. The shock trooper complied, rising unsteadily to his feet, gore from his face streaked down his neck.

“Take off your boots and trousers.”

The trooper bent over to begin fumbling with his boot strings and promptly fell over.

“Goddamnit!” screamed the lieutenant and walked over to the shock trooper, kicking him brutally in the midsection however carefully holding back, the gesture being more for psychological effect than physical, sufficing however to cause the victim a considerable amount of pain without a strong amount of damage, additional damage which could easily move into terminal levels in lieu of the trooper’s present state.

The lieutenant promptly grabbed the shock trooper by the arm and began dragging him over to a corner of the enclosed building, propping his frame face-forward in the corner of harsh and rough concrete blocks. The lieutenant reached around the front of the man’s waist and unbuckled his pants in one fell motion, then dragging the man’s pants and underwear down his legs revealing his naked flesh. He left them pooling around the man’s ankles.

“Well I’m sure as hell not taking off those fucking boots myself!” the lieutenant yelled, his head careening toward the general direction of his contracted assistants. The guard whose activity with the prisoner had been taken over by the lieutenant promptly pounced down on the ground and began wrestling the boots off the shock trooper with surprising rapidity.

The guard threw his pants and remaining garments off to the side along with the boots and walked over to where the restraints were laid out on the ground and started expertly and rapidly picking them up and placing them upon the prisoner in a well thought-out and predetermined manner.

The first was handcuffs which were attached behind his back. Following this was several restraints which bound a thick leather strap around the inside of the man’s kneepits and around the upper part of his back, immobilizing him and allowing all parts of his body to be easily accessed for whatever the guards and lieutenant were about to do to him.

“Look at that little pussy, that stupid fucking little pussy! What’s wrong with him, why is he acting like an idiot?”

The lieutenant taunted the trooper from several paces away.

The lieutenant walked up to the other guard which had for the extent of the scene thus far simply been standing a few yards away in the courtyard, holding his vicious and expertly oiled martinet, various straps coiling around each other with the ends tied like a knout, ready to pound in the finer points of discipline even into the most recalcitrant of errant personnel.

“Bring that little slut to heel gentlemen!” the lieutenant roared.

The guard with the whip looked toward the lieutenant at the statement of his orders, as the lieutenant had approached him briskly before speaking, getting directly into his masked face and laughing with an atrocious glee. The lieutenant then, in an unprecedented move, suddenly pulled up the man’s sky mask until right below the eye level, where the balaclava was held fast with the elastic strap attaching the dark goggles in the uniform prevalent trend of appearance within the guards of internal security.

The lieutenant stood in front of the guard blocking the vision of the other guard who was in the corner, busying himself with arranging the shock troop in the correct stress position. The shock troop sat on his knees, completely immobile, his head resting on it’s side, the side of his face resting on the cold stone floor and his crown pressed up against the corner, grating against the edges of the concrete blocking. His buttocks and backs of his legs were exposed fully to the guard who finished attaching the last rings into the apparatus.

The lieutenant darted his tongue into the mouth of the surprised guard, the latter whose one hand was resting at his side and the other hand grasping the martinet, leaving the lieutenant at leisure to perform whatever molestation was now occurring.

The lieutenant finished with his oral stimulation and ran a finger across the red lips of the guard, before patting his face and pulling the balaclava back down and restoring the guard’s usual sense of concealment. The lieutenant finished his gesture by reaching down and gently massaging the guard’s member through his pants, checking for signs of sexual stimulation, before sliding his hand around and clutching the guard’s right cheek with a firm grasp as he moved his mouth close to the area of the guard’s ear and whispered: “I hope I see something interesting out there, or else you are going to get it!” The lieutenant released from the guard and stood aside, as if to gesture the guard forward toward his awaiting captive. The guard moved swiftly out from the area of the lieutenant, duly noting the gravity of his words and reached the corner where the shock troop awaited, pathetic in defeat. Without ceremony, the guard began his work.

The whip flew through the air, it’s ends splaying and then connecting again firmly on impact as they drove into the prostrate soldier. The bulk of the martinet’s sting settled over the curvature of the man’s obscenely stationed posterior, the ends of the whip snaking around, hitting his lower back and the small parts of the side of his chest which were able to be exposed in addendum due to his extremely confining level of restraint. The shock troop let out a bleat of pain.

The guard continued along the same course, striking with full force and as hard as possible, the long snaking tentacles of the whip predictably splaying forth and then reconnecting as they impacted the naked skin of the shock trooper’s totally exposed and vulnerable flesh. The shock troop screamed with each impact until after twenty strokes when the screams began to taper off into a gurgling sound of pure exhaustion, mental collapse and stress-induced psycho-

physical breakdown.

“Rape him why don’t you friend!” the lieutenant laughed.

The guard did not see the humor in the situation, but duly went forward, placing the martinet on the floor and kneeling as he began undoing his pants. Surprisingly, he found that his member was already erect when he pulled his underwear down to his knees. The lieutenant noticed the man’s endowment and began a mocking clapping in the background.

“Very good guard, quite good! Now give us a little show why don’t you?”

The shock troop began grunting in protest as the guard moved his erect member into the shock trooper’s entrails, already well lubricated with the sheath of sweat that had formed over his entire body from the already serious martinet whipping and the thorough physical beating that had gone on before. Although trebly humiliating, the current action was well-timed by the lieutenant to keep the prisoner alive for some bit longer, as continued flogging at the intensity that the guard had been delivering thus far would have sent him into shock, comatosis and then death only within a span of ten to fifteen minutes more, and perhaps considerably less. Torture, however sophisticated it might be, was not an exact science and casualties were apt to occur, especially in rough-and-ready conditions such as these.

The guard, suffused in the blurring and fanatic ecstasy of the exertion of administering torture, held firmly onto the shock trooper’s sides as he plunged his erect phallus again and again into the trooper’s rectum. The shock trooper could have seen this coming theoretically, but it was always something else participating in something like this than hearing about such goings-on from gossip within the men in his unit. Against all thought and seemingly a physical impossibility due to his generally depleted state, the shock trooper himself felt his own member beginning to harden, the sudden stimulation acting almost in counteract to the martinet lashing, despite the multiple bleeding lacerations on his buttocks which the guard was now duly agitating as his own body rubbed up against the wounds in the context of his constant thrusting.

From the distance the lieutenant clapped, laughing at the scene unfolding before him. All of this was of course not really necessary, but excess was the pleasure palace of such situations (and duly inhabited in this particular case.) The lieutenant clapped harder when he heard the unmistakable low grunt of the guard achieving orgasm and then waved his hands as if for the guards to allow him to make his way to the prisoner. The guards complied.

The lieutenant reached out his hand and received the proffered martinet from the guard and began laying on the stripes heavy and hard without mercy. The shock trooper, still stunned from the rape, began howling in pain as the lieutenant drove the whip mercilessly into the man’s back, thighs, legs and whatever else exposed part the tendrils of the whip decided to impact upon. The lieutenant was going at it as hard and reckless as could be imagined, with little concern at this point for the amount of injury he was causing. The guards looked at each others’ masked faces and both knew that the lieutenant was now going in for the terminal gesture.

The shock trooper continued to yell as the lieutenant laid the whip on.

“Hope that you enjoyed the ministrations of the guard there trooper, for that is the last pleasure that you will ever experience in this lifetime!” The lieutenant punctuated his statement with peals of obscene laughter which echoed throughout the courtyard.

The shock trooper’s screams began to fade and although the martinet continued beating without cease into his exposed flesh the cries of pain no longer came. The shock trooper had passed out and gone into mild shock himself from the heightening levels of pain.

“Bring me the antiseptic!” shouted the lieutenant, drawing the martinet away from the soldier’s flesh and massaging it’s now bloody filaments with his hand. The guard carried the large container of bluish chemical liquid over to the lieutenant and he exchanged the container with the whip. “Clean that up, we don’t want a good implement like that being ruined from the blood of that little piece of shit!” The lieutenant gestured to the shock trooper, although it was clear who he was talking about nevertheless.

The lieutenant removed the cap from the container, sending a acrid smell of alcohol-based industrial-strength cleaning liquid wafting into the cold afternoon air. Without any ado, the lieutenant took the base of the container in one hand and the handle near the spout in the other and tossed a large portion of the liquid onto the wounds of the shock trooper. The shock trooper was now awake, screaming in horrid tribulation as the alcohol burned into his exposed wounds. The lieutenant responded by sloshing some more of the liquid upon the man’s flesh and kicking him out of the corner so that he now lay bound in some sort of disturbing version of the fetal position.

One of the guards walked over to the shock trooper, kicking him and nudging him with his boot so that he was facing upward toward the lieutenant. The lieutenant pinned him in this posture by standing and straddling the shock trooper’s bent knees, holding him in an upright position with his own legs. The lieutenant looked deep into the horrified eyes of the shock trooper and then began pouring the antiseptic chemical straight into the shock trooper’s face, the first quantities of which promptly went into the shock trooper’s mouth which hung agog, the chemical blue liquid causing him to spurt and begin puking, which only fell back down upon his face and dribbled along the side of his neck. The chemical burn began doing its horrid work upon the shock trooper’s eyeballs and flesh. The lieutenant ceased straddling him letting him fall back once again into the perverse version of the fetal position and then continued to douse him with the liquid until the entire fifteen-gallon canister had been entirely emptied on the man’s naked body.

“If you still want your restraints now is the time to get them off guards.” A guard scrambled with keys in compliance, removing the handcuffs and other restraints and watching as the man’s body collapsed out from the forced stress position, covered in slimy blue liquid and his own blood and filth.

“You could have easily avoided this entire incident shock trooper, had you not taken it upon yourself to put the commander’s mission in jeopardy by your idiotic actions. Had you had committed a blunder at another time, perhaps there would have been more leniency for you. Unfortunately for you, you decided to act the fool not only concerning what is arguably the highest priority development for the organization in many years, but doing so at a time where all of us are busy celebrating this newly unveiled device with which you, in your stupidity, nearly destroyed by accident! Thankfully there were some knowledgeable persons who were

able to identify your mishandling of the situation and correct you before your actions spiraled into real damage. What you have done today is real damage however, because you have dishonored your entire unit and whoever knew you will have to look back on shame at the fact that there was association between you. Isn't that ashamed? Your bitch of a mother and bastard of a father, should you have any and should they still be alive, will be subjected to shame upon shame until their last pathetic days are spent, does that please you? Furthermore and most direly, you have put out these fine men," the lieutenant gestured toward the guards, "who should have been better spending their time in celebration and revelry at the glorious new armaments development. Thus we have to say goodbye to you now and put this chapter to a close."

The lieutenant took a few steps away and removed a packet of cigarettes from his jacket pocket and then removed a lighter from the other. The shock trooper's eyes were bare slits, their film covering slowly burning away from the chemicals in the antiseptic and the man was as such unaware of what was transpiring, having barely heard the lieutenant's monologue through the sirens of his own excruciating pain. The guards looked on at the lieutenant in awe. With a brief motion, the lieutenant lit the cigarette and took a heavy draw, creating a burning red ember on the tip and sending up a filament of bluish smoke. As soon as the ember reached it's peak of heat the lieutenant threw the cigarette down onto the shock trooper's body which instantly spread with low-intensity flame across the areas that had been soaked by the antiseptic.

"We're done here men, I am going to request that you two specifically accompany me for the rest of the afternoon and evening's festivities if you have no objections?"

"None whatsoever sir."

The shock trooper's body slowly burned, his simulation of screaming garbled and low. The incendiary in the liquid would quickly burn down but only after taking a serious amount of flesh off of the unfortunate shock trooper who had deigned to smoke in the presence of the commander's rocket.

"Get a few of your undercorpsmen to come in here and keep watch on him should anything happen, he will probably need some more antiseptic and a good hard scrubbing inside a closed punitive unit to heal those burn wounds." The black humor of the statement was not lost on the guards. One of the guards gathered up the restraints and empty canister along with the martinet, while the other guard unlocked the door and led the lieutenant out from the courtyard annex and back inside the hallway of the satellite security unit. The three men disappeared into the corridor and the door closed with an audible click. On the ground, slowly burning lay the half-dead body of the shock trooper, staring listlessly up into the gray and unforgiving sky, beaming down its dead light upon the horrid landscapes of the post-nuclear world.



The ruby is the password
She of the white robe
Rides the transparent horse
The maiden closes.
On broken legs he steps forth
He becomes the Dragon...

